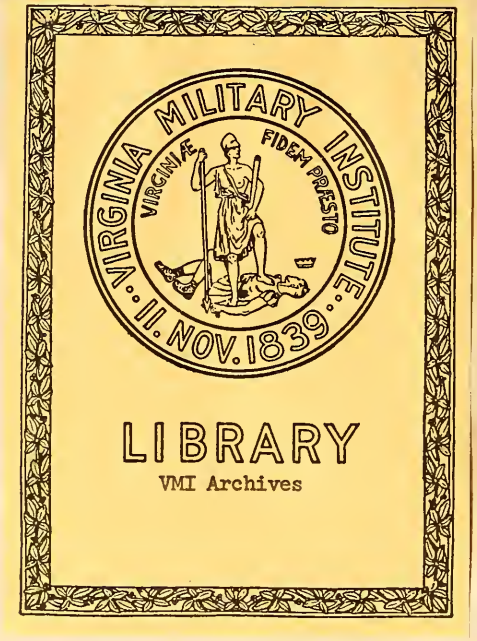
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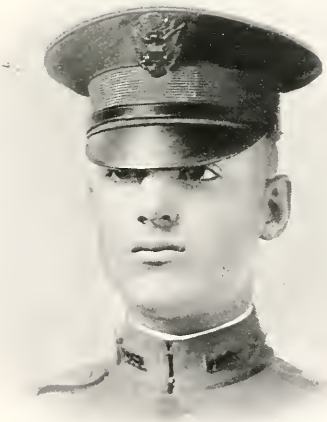
Published by the
Corps of Cadets of
The Virginia Military Institute

Dedicated
To the Members of the Class of Nineteen-Eighteen
Entering the Service

Their patriotism needs no test,
Their loyalty requires no proof,
Unsullied by hate,
Clean, unafraid, relentless,
Brave, yet tender,
They are ready for the supreme sacrifice
At their country's call.

"Per aspera ad astra."

"The best o' luck to you!"



Lieut. H. P. Gray, *Fifty-First Infantry*

President of the Class of Nineteen-Eighteen until Called to the Colors



Lieut. S. L. Bertschey
Fifty-First Infantry



Lieut. J. C. Nelson
Infantry



Lieut. T. M. Watson
Infantry



Lieut. H. W. Massie
United States Infantry



A GROUP OF 'EIGHTEEN'S MEN IN THE SERVICE



LIEUT. JAMES TAYLOR
United States Field Artillery



LIEUT. L. W. FOY
Seventeenth Infantry

NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN MEN IN THE SERVICE

ADKINS, F. B.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
ALVERSON, H. L.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
BARNARD, J. H.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Guard
BERTSCHEY, S. L.....Lieutenant Infantry, United States Army
BRADFORD, J. R.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
CALDWELL, F. Y.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
CAMPBELL, A. H.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
CARNEAL, C. W.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
CONARD, G. B.....Cadet, United States Military Academy
CORZELIUS, F. M.....Cadet, United States Military Academy
EPES, W. J.....Cadet, United States Military Academy
FOY, L. W.....Lieutenant United States Army, Machine Gun Brigade, Infantry
GOODMAN, W. G.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
GOULD, W. T.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army (France)
GRAY, H. P.....Lieutenant Infantry, United States Army
HALEY, W. A., JR.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
HOCK, C.....Lieutenant Infantry, United States Army
INGRAM, S. L.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army (France)
LEE, R.....Cadet, United States Military Academy
MASSIE, H. W.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
MOORE, A. H.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
McHUGH, W. M.....Was Sergeant Virginia National Guard—Attended Fort Myer First Camp
NELSON, J. C., JR.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Guard
PERKINSON, T. R.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Guard
POTTS, T. R.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
RIPLEY, D. H.....Lieutenant Infantry, United States Army
RISING, J. D.....Field Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces (France)
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ROGERS, E. B.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
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R. W. THROCKMORTON.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army
VAN SANT, J. A.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Army
WATSON, T. M.....Lieutenant Infantry, National Guard
WILLIAMS, J. W.....Aviation Section, Signal Corps, United States Army



NEW MARKET STATUE

FOREWORD

HAVE you ever listened to reveille when it was ten below, and dark as pitch outside, and lain there until the last note of Rev., and then grabbed your clothes and put them on while running at full speed? (It's quite an accomplishment.) Have you ever been Corporal of the Third Relief, and lain there and listened to it blow, and turned over and gone back to sleep? Have you ever been awakened about two a. m. with a bucket of water, and the sudden contact of your face with the floor, as a gentle reminder that it was time to go on guard? Have you ever been to the Hops? Have you ever "finned out" for a year, and then come back to this dear old place as a mean third classman? If you haven't, you will miss, I'm afraid, half the joys of this book. It is for our classmates, our Corps of today, for that of yesterday and to-morrow, that we present the thirty-fourth edition of THE BOMB.

To portray, if we can, our alma mater, with its environment and associations; our life, with its smiles and tears, its joys and pains, its sunshine and its sorrows, its victories and defeats; and lastly, that which "shall live with the eternity of her fame," the Spirit that prevades. To portray it so that the reader may feel the pride which we have in our alma mater—that is our wish.



LIMIT GATES



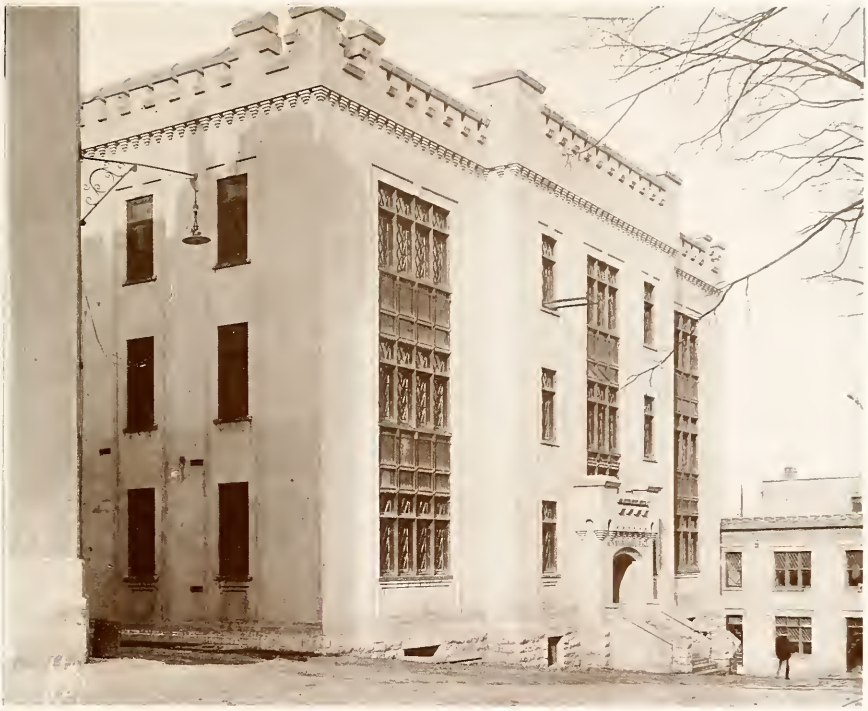
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His Excellency, Hon. Westmoreland Davis
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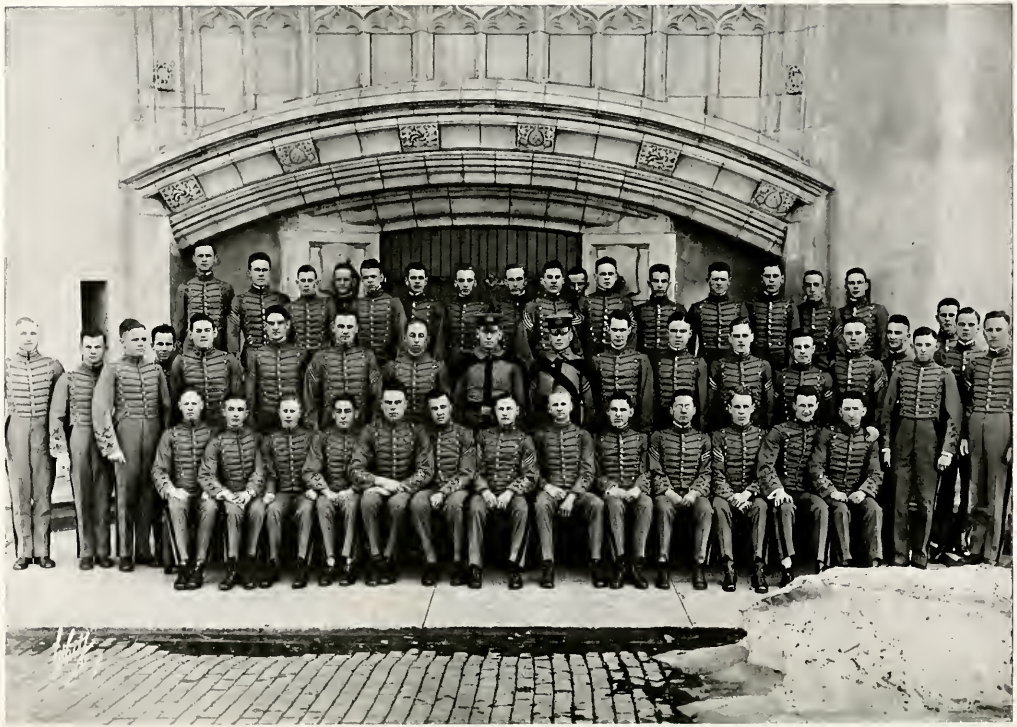
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MAJOR B. DAVIS MAYO, B.S., *Adjunct Professor of Mathematics*

*Died, December 4, 1917. †Died, November 7, 1917.



THE CLASS OF NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN



OFFICERS

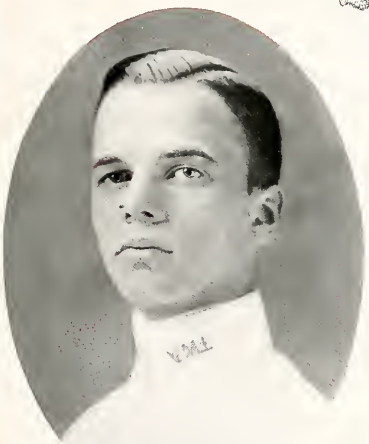
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C. C. Cantrell.....*Vice-President*
A. W. Parker.....*Historian*

THE GRADUATING CLASS

One home, one life for years—and then
 Each cherished tie to sever;
It may be, oft to meet again—
 It may be, meeting never.
For friends must meet, and friends must part,
 All hearts with feeling quiver,
Till pure from earth they find a rest
 Unchanging and forever.

Then may we, on life's battlefield,
 Be to our colors loyal;
We know we serve a Sovereign Prince,
 And His rewards are royal.
To every roll call still be true,
 Our will to duty bending,
Till the last reveille shall mark
 The day that knows no ending.



FREDERICK VIEHE ARMISTEAD

Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Vee" "Vesuvius" "Freddy" "Fee"

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."—Shakespeare.

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Gym. Squad (3, 4); Gym. Team (1, 2); Marshal Final German.

Vee came to us a little guinea-pig—the least man in the battalion. Since coming here, he has grown to more than average size, due to his particularly selected food. Buttermilk was his choice, and after Taps 'most any time he could be found drinking in its nourishment. Once, when he was a shy Newly Cadet, he decided to be a most efficient Sentinel, and invaded the Third Stoop Library. When he came off Guard, he told his roommates, "That Old Cadet in the yellow uniform sure gave me h——." "Fee's" most accomplished gift is his Naval capacity. "Titanics may come, and Titanics may go, but Vee will push forever."

From the date of his arrival, Freddy has been a leader in his classes, his brain being much more than normal; and on more than one occasion has he proven himself a capable electrical engineer. Always on good terms with everybody, we know that his supply of friends will always be large. We must bid you farewell, Vee, so we wish you the blessings of the Omnipotent, which you so rightly deserve.



"I bet you."



RUSSELL GRANBERRY BELLEZZA
Norfolk, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Itchey" "Count" "Belitza" "Belshaza"

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."
—Milton.

Fourth Class—Private Company "B."

Third Class—Private Company "B;" Company Rifle Team.

Second Class—Sergeant Company "C;" "BOMB" Staff; Editor Publicity Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "F;" "BOMB" Staff; Editor Publicity Committee; Marshal Final German.

"Bellezza, Sir; from Norfolk, Va., Sir;" was the introduction of Itchey into V. M. I. Count's days of rathood are fast fading into a memory of laundrymen, broom handles, broken noses, stamps, and cigarettes. In this Second class year, he saw a cage with a Monk in it, on which was written, "Danger, it's charged;" and possessing a somewhat daring nature and having fixed electric elevators when a "Babe," he decided to take the Monkology Course.

Belshaza distinguished himself as a First Classman by being the only Keydet to command a "Dreadnought" at the Washington and Lee Hops. He nearly lost his health at this responsible position, and it took days for him to recover.

Holding a picture of Count before us, we see him as a kind, generous, and true friend; ever ready to encourage and sympathize. He is a born dancer and electrician. By which of these he will shock the world, we do not know; but it will be one, we are sure.

"I don't mean to be bragging, but I do know more than you do."





ALEXANDER HALLER BLAIR

Max Meadows, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Alex" "A-Hopper" "High Mind"

Tho the night was made for loving
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.
—Byron.

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Corporal Company "B."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "D;" Vice-President Southwest Virginia Club; Class Baseball; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Captain Company "D;" President Southwest Virginia Club; Class Banquet Committee; Dramatic Club; Marshal Final German.

Barracks stood at attention, the evening gun came to parade rest, and Limit Gates opened wide to make room for the deposit in our midst of this Max Meadowian by a bleak September gale, in 1914. After exchanging his load of hay for tuition, he was ushered into barracks, where he nursed his first pangs of homesickness. It was no little difficulty that his roommates experienced in breaking him from his native dialect; but now we find him nearly well, and when he made his first entrance into society, he found that he had ventured forth into the mighty seas only to find them abounding with Titanics. Ever since he hit the Institute, he has had lofty military aspirations, and has served in every rank from a private in the Max Meadows home guards to a Captain at the Institute. He chose to follow the course of Monkology, and has, after three years' arduous labor, distinguished himself by being able to explain the difference between alternating currents and alternating change step. However, we expect to find, some day, his father's store illuminated with Alex's ampheres. In him you will always find the truest of friends, and his popularity and success at this institution indicate that which we may expect from him in future life.

"Boys, I'm sure going to study this term."





PERCY SIMPSON BUTLER
Norfolk, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Pig" "Pressing Shop" "P. S." "Percie"

"Is there any voice more worthy than my own?"

Fouth Class—Private Company "D."

Third Class—Corporal Company "D."

Second Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final German.

Pressing Shop joined us in our rodent days. During this delightful time has was able to get many Orderlies, and hence, when Finals came, he was one of the thirty that thought they ranked the First Captain. Tho chevrons were his delight for a time, he liked the "Hay" better, and his fall began at "Make-overs."

Pig is very pugilistic. He is famous for having thrown an eraser at "B. D.," while in the section-room; and has even challenged the Commandant. During his Second class year, he fell for the terpsichorean art, and has missed few Hops since then.

At times he may be seen to dance with an imaginary partner to the tune of Auld Lang Syne played by the Victrola, often mistaking himself for Mr. Castle, and trying to instruct his room-mates.

P. S. is a follower of "Old Rat," and some day he expects to become a mining engineer, or perhaps, from his present knowledge, an alchemist rivaling P. I. Gayle; but we wish him better success than that of the latter.

"Now, watch me get a 'Big Dog' sheet tomorrow."





CHARLES CAMP CANTRELL
Greenville, Tex.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1914

"Walrus" "Triple-C" "Greaser" "Krintell"

"God loves an idle rainbow, no less than laboring seas."

Fourth Class—Private Company "A."

Third Class—Private Company "A."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "A;" Assistant Editor *"The Cadet;"* Athletic Publicity Committee; Manager Dramatic Club; Literary Society; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "A;" Vice-President Class; Editor-in-Chief *"The Cadet;"* Literary Society; Editor *"Christmas Supplement;"* Chairman Publicity Committee; Athletic Council; "BOMB" Staff; President Texas Club; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

This stalwart Liberal Artist hails from Greenville, Texas, and during his rat year he right well impressed that fact upon us. At the end of that period, Charles received the greatest shock of his life, namely: he did not get a Corporal. By some means, which none of us can understand, he has at last captured the elusive chevrons.

As an Artist, "Triple-C" ranks foremost, and rules his fellow-cadets with an iron hand thru the type of his weekly pamphlet. In arguments, "Krintell" usually has the last word—while the other runs to the dictionary only to find that his lack of nerve allowed him to be downed by some medical term meaning headache, or something very similar. At the Hops, Walrus easily downs all his rivals with his great flow of literature.

His greatest ambition is to hold the open bag beneath the leaking exchequer. Well, Charles, we know that you will easily make good, so our wish for you is that happiness fill the rest of your days.

"There you go again, Mook."





THOMAS ARCHIBALD CARY
Richmond, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Katrina" "Archie" "Mother Cary"
"Hoola Demon"

"My heart is ever at your service."
—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Private Company "B;" Class Football; Literary Society; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Class Football; Literary Society; Marshal Final German.

A bad day was made worse when "Katrinka" rolled in on the Lexington Special. Archie paved the way to excess the first day he entered the Courtyard, and for two long years sought to find that gold brick in front of barracks. But all in vain. Now "Mother Cary" only has to serve deprivation, and being a prime Liberal Artist he can spend his evenings then, as usual, in the hay.

The "Hoola Demon," altho an Artist born and bred, takes great interest in other things, and one can often find him attempting to master Mechanics by starting and stopping the Victrola.

Archie is also a noted admirer of the sweeter sex. Why, any time you hear him say, "Um, that's a sweet Jane!" He never calls them the general term. We wonder why, in spite of the fact that we know of another one who makes him the "Gladys" Keydet in barracks.

Many times have you served us, Archie, and your willingness has been a virtue seldom found in the hearts of men.

"Aw, go to h—, will you?"





JOHN FRANKLIN CHURCH
Cincinnati, Ohio

Born, 1898 — Matriculated, 1915

"John" — "Johnnie"

"Tis good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow."
—Churchill.

Third Class—Private Company "E;" Cadet Dialectic Society.

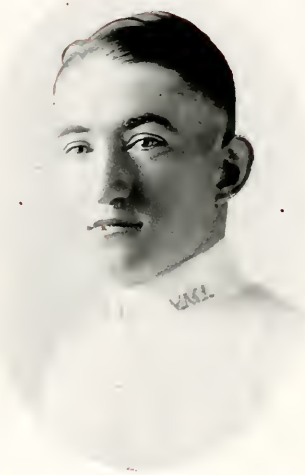
Second Class—Private Company "E;" Marshal Final German.

First Class—Private Company "E;" Class Football; Marshal Final German.

Work. Did anyone say work? Look at this bright and determined countenance, and there lies work—unbounded work in every line (?). But therein lies a tale—the only work that John has ever done in his cadet-ship has been to put down his hay, and help transfer the broken contents of a "trunk" from some hiding-place to 120, in his good old rathood days. He is ever present at the Hops, and only when someone has cut his biscuits with a calic does he find his "witz." However, in spite of the fact that his past has been waylaid with ladies fair, Johnnie has been successful in his career here, having faithfully followed the theories of electricity, and even he himself admits that he has his full share of "steam." In these times of unrest, it is hard to predict success in any one life work; but, whatever line he may choose to follow, we feel sure that John will display the sterling qualities that he has shown in his life here.



"Boys, I swear I can't see a bath this winter."



ALBERT EDWARD COLBURN
Somersworth, N. H.

Born, 1895 Matriculated, 1914

"Sarge" "Yankee" "Coach" "Jew"

"It's the heart of the man that counts and not the wits that crowd his brain nor the gold that lines his pockets."

Fourth Class—Private Company "E."

Third Class—Private Company "B;" Class Baseball.

Second Class—Private Company "D;" Scrub Football; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Private Company "D;" "BOMB" Staff; *"Cadet"* Staff; President O. G.'s Association; Captain Class Football; Class Baseball; Hop Committee; Ring Committee; Marshal Final German; Banquet Committee; Z. D. C.

No, this is neither peddler nor pawnbroker; but just a plain Yankee shoemaker. For four long years, Sarg has been president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, chairman of the Committee, and the committee of the New Hampshire Club, in which offices he has nobly upheld the dignity and promoted the welfare of the organization.

A victim of the dreaded pink-eye scourage early in 'Fifteen, he was forced to leave school; but returned the following winter. As Third Lieutenant of Company "D" his First Class year, he showed a very marked efficiency, for which he was permanently assigned as orderly of E-1.

Sarge has a great weakness for the fair Calico, and many a night he has been seen head in hands, with thoughts of them all running thru his weak mind. The only thing we can really hold against him is that he roomed with "Duke" Watson for a year, which offense has never been forgiven. With an ever-present smile, and a heart as big as all outdoors, we rarely find his equal. May he make as favorable an impression on the world as he has on V. M. I.

"Hi, kid; how 'ryer? Goo' day."





JOSEPH IRVIN CULVER
St. Louis, Mo.

Born, 1897 — Matriculated, 1915
"Joe" — "Koolver"

"Drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."
—Bible.

Third Class—Private Company "A."

Second Class—Private Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "A;" Marshal Final German.

This is a product of the Sewanee Military Academy and Missouri, who, like his countrymen, always has to be shown. But, notwithstanding this, he is always there with the goods. He is a disciple of "Old Rat" and "Labby Jim," and a test tube is to him as a rattle is to a baby. To hear him talk, you would think he is some "Dog," until he says mournfully, "She can't come this time;" and then you know him for what he is—a Dodo.

His visit to the bathhouse last winter had disastrous results, and taught him to be more careful in the future. But with all these faults we love him well, and feel sure that the honor of the Institute will not suffer in his keeping. So here's to you, "Joe;" may you meet and overcome the difficulties of life with the same success that you have met those that have opposed you here. Go on and revolutionize Chemistry, but don't forget the days when you were a "keydet," and didn't know an atom from a molecule.

"Wake me up at First Call."





Douglas Cary Curtis
Lee Hall, Va.

Born, 1896 — Matriculated, 1914

"Doug" — "Jack"

"It's a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."—Thackeray.

Fourth Class—Private Company "E."

Third Class—Corporal Company "E."

Second Class — Quartermaster-Sergeant Company "E;" Assistant Manager Football; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—First Lieutenant Company "F;" Vice-President Cotillion Club; Assistant Leader Final German; Y. M. C. A. Membership Committee; President Rollers' Club; President Peninsular Club; Z. D. C.

Doug-a-day arrived here one September morning, and since that time he has been known as one of the many lady-killers. When a mere rat, a lady, who was noted for her good judgment, exclaimed on seeing him at his first Hop, "What a good-looking Keydet." Then came his Third Class year, in which many were the hearts he broke, and loud was the lamentation among the ladies. There was a peculiar coincidence in his life which occurred at the end of his Second Class year. He took a young lady of "sweet sixteen" for a joy ride, and became so infatuated that he forgot that he had any more formations to attend, which negligence cost him dearly in the form of his chevrons. In his First Class year, he was elected Assistant Leader of the Final German, due to the fact that during the summer he became a ranking man in the Big Dog Circles. Doug. is one of the truest friends, with one of the largest hearts of any man in our Class, and can he counted on to give a fellow a helping hand in his time of need.

"Puss, have you gotten a Calc yet?"





JOSEPH ECHOLS

Glasgow, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Slimbo" "Hook IV" (fourth)

"Nature designed us to be of good cheer."
—Jerrold.

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Marshal Final German.

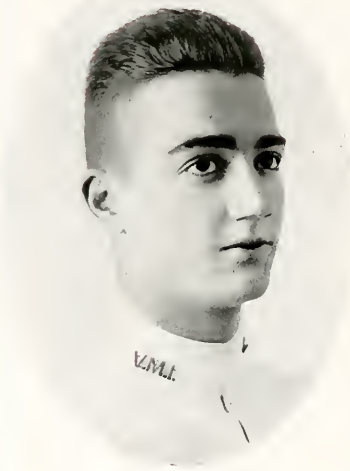
It was a happy time for the Institute when this sturdy son of the Hills arrived in Lexington for a few months' visit with Auld Nick and the Keydets.

Preceded by numerous members of the Echols Tribe, this one has upheld all the family traditions at the old place, and still managed to stay on. Once, in company with a few others, he was under the necessity of explaining to "The General" "How come" for some offense, but so far Fate has been kind, and Slimbo has stuck with us. His faults are not so many as one would expect from his innocent-looking face, but are mainly confined to telling old jokes without a point to them, and making propositions whereby you do the work and he gets the proceeds. We never heard of anybody taking up one of his propositions.

But, in spite of his faults and that vacant space in his head, he has a cheery disposition that will win anybody; and when he gets out on the big road of life we know he is going to make a success, and we all unite in wishing him "Over the top with the best o' luck."



"Hit's all right."



AUGUSTUS DANIEL EDWARDS
Terrell, Tex.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Piedmont" "Slip" "Dolorous Ed" "A. D."

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined."

Fourth Class—Private Company "E;" Rifle Team.

Third Class—Private Company "E;" Rifle Team.

Second Class—Private Company "E;" Rifle Team; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "C;" Rifle Team; *"Cadet"* Staff; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.; Banquet Committee.

And at last methought I had seen a vision, but closer looking at him convinced me that I had looked upon a new and hitherto undiscovered species. This Slip of a creature is a noble representative of the land of the cactus and the geaserin, that there is nothing too big or unbelievable for him to tell, and in an argument he can even out-argue Mook and the Walrus—and that is sure giving the devil his due.

As one who drinks in the knowledge at the fountain of "Tommy," "Slip" is there when it comes to telling them that all their work is wrong; and he can even convince them that his is right. So he is a person we must watch to see that he don't put it over on us in the mad scramble for worldly goods; for, while we want him to come out best, we have to keep our own futures safe, and they are insecure, to say the least, with Ed in the race for fame and fortune.

"Get me, Kid? How 'bout it?"





FREDERICK HUMPHREY FOY

Eufaula, Ala.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Black Sheep" "Admiral" "Abe"
"Flotilla" "Freddie"

"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye die."

Fourth Class—Private Company "E;" Company Rifle Team.

Third Class—Private Company "E;" Company Rifle Team.

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Private Company "F;" "*Cadet*" Staff;" Ring Committee; Color Guard; Class Football; Class Baseball; Vice-President O. G.'s Association; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.; President Alabama Club.

Is this Freddie, or Levie? No, this is Fred; and a complete account of Fred's miraculous career during his four years at V. M. I. would fill many libraries. So far as we know of him, he has done everything but stay away from the W. and L. Dances, pass Pigg's Astronomy, and drink water. For the last three years, Black Sheep has journeyed buoyantly to the Fancy Dress Ball, only to be sent back to barracks under arrest, and later confined to Post for the greater part of his natural life.

His most noted achievements have been of a Naval character. In all Naval History, his gallant and self-sacrificing escapade with the U. S. S. Virginia is without parallel. For exactly two hours and thirty-five minutes this old Sea Dog piloted that Titanic Liner thru one of the most thrilling encounters in the world's annals, at the end of which time "She" went down, and the newly designated Admiral, now overcome by blind staggers, was carried limply away from the scene of action.

In closing these words, we all can say that he was a valuable asset to his Class, a loyal friend, and a gentleman. So "Go to it," Freddie, while we "Squeeze 'em."

"I swear to G—, Jedge; there ain't no justice in this world."





JOHN GRATTAN GAMBLE
Tallahassee, Fla.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Bull" "John Bull" "John"

"And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is over."

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Track Team; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company C;" Captain and Manager Track; Captain and Manager Boxing; Marshal Final German.

Cast your eye on the diminutive specimen shown above. Isn't he handsome? Yes, very. He even spends whole hours gazing at his reflection in the mirror, and is a faithful student of "Swaboda." John is also a follower of "Monk," and expects to learn in the near future how to put up an electric sign on the clock tower, or start the clock striking, without getting caught.

At times, "Bull" may be heard to mutter strange sounds in his sleep about ducks, calic, and the fine climate of Virginia. His favorite occupation is writing "big dog" letters; composing several on scratch paper before sending one off.

John is a great friend of "Piggy's," and seems to have won the approval of that great potentate in drawing, as well as athletics. He is second in command only to "Admiral Foy," since he has won great fame in steering tugboats around the naval base in the Gymnasium. His motto: "Endurance counts, not speed."

The height of his ambition will be reached when he joins the "birdmen" of the Allies. Some day we expect great things from the owner of that wonderful "chess cat grin," and 'Eighteen wishes him the greatest success.

"Anybody who would do that, would push little ducks in the water."





ARTHUR RANDOLPH GATEWOOD
Newport News, Va.

Born, 1899 Matriculated, 1915

"Lizard" "Gatey"

"A babe in the house is a wellspring of pleasure."—Luppe.

Third Class—Private Company "D;" Cadet Orchestra.

Second Class—Sergeant Company "E;" Cadet Orchestra; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "E;" Manager Cadet Orchestra; Marshal Final German.

We hate to talk about this man; but here's one time we must, your confidence we will trust.

In his Second Class year, our hero stepped forth in earnest, capturing a Sergeant at makeovers, and, deciding that the Orchestra was "too slow," began tripping light measures to the desired effect—not of becoming a "big dog," but a chameleon. Gentle reader, we don't pretend to know what a young lady means by "her chameleon;" but for the sake of our young and tender roommate we sincerely hope that it isn't the historic progenitor of that famous bird, "The Dodo." The success which has attended the "Lizard" as manager has been most gratifying, altho he has had the worst of circumstances to deal with—the selective draft not excluding even "born" musicians. He has come out successfully in this, as he has in everything else that he has undertaken; and we know that in the future his record will be good.

"Oh, Lordy."





JOHN N. D. GILLET
Newport News, Va.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1915

"Frau" "Nothing"

"Borrowed garments never keep one warm"—Lowell.

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "F;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "D;" Class Football; Marshal Final German.

John Norman Drysdale Gillet, erstwhile, "Nothing," but just the same from "God's country," made his appearance within these walls as a lowly Third Class Rat. He evaded the terrible "old cadets" for a while, but they finally got him one cold night on special guard duty, as a result of which he spent six Saturdays in the Guard-Room. The next year, as a dashing Sergeant, the Frau made his debut at the hops, and immediately started the practise of what is known as "vamping," and has been attempting it ever since (even on Telegraph poles). By now he has become a second Lieutenant, which with the aid of a red sash across his shoulder helps him immensely. As is the custom, he loves good music, especially after Reveille, when he dotes on Italian Selections—he says that they remind him of a trip to Richmond. Aside from his musical inclinations, the Frau has proved himself practical as well, being especially apt at "Barnyard Chemistry;" and we hope that his ambition along this line will some day secure for him a position on a fertile (State) farm.

"They go wild, simply wild, over me."





JOHN LAURENS GUEST

Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Madame" "Jawn" "Gus" "Johnny"

"In maiden meditation, fancy free;
Lord, what fools these mortals be."
—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "F;" Varsity Tennis; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "D;" Manager-Captain Varsity Tennis; Member Athletic Council; Marshal Final German.

The above is one of ten "Local Boys." Johnny as a rat did some "running," and succeeded in landing a Sergeant at make-overs; but the chevrons were not for him, having the bad or good luck of losing them before long.

When it comes to the gentle game of tennis, Jawn and his lefthand cuts are hard to beat. No doubt some day we shall see a World's Championship Cup reposing on his shelf.

His love affairs, so far as we know, have been limited to one escapade, in which the Calic married the other guy. Gus possesses the knack of studying little, learning much; and we feel sure that the engineering world will hear from him in the near future. What's it going to be John—a new hook, or a new bridge?

"You're wrong; this is the way it is."





LUCIUS ASHTON HARRISON

Appomattox, Va.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1915

"Harry" "Wild Bill" "Steamboat"

"Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserve force."—Alcott.

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "E;" Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "E;" Marshal Final German, Z. D. C.

Back in the dark ages, when Eighteen drew its quota of a certain species of animal called "The Third Class Rats," this two-headed specimen entered the Arch, and told the Officer of the Day that he wished to be one of the sacred "Misters" known officially as "New Cadets." After the eventful year of rathood, our hero reached the pinnacle of glory when he got a Sergeant.

He then, next year, cast his hopes with the notorious gang of First-Class Privates. But he soon rose from the depths, when he grabbed a "Second Lieu." at "Make-overs." Higher yet he rises, for he is one of "Captain Durham & Co.," or in plain English, the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. Socially, he withheld his debut as a Hop-artist until he blossomed forth a First-Classman, winning all the Calic with the glory of his paletot and his pleasing way. Apparently caring little for the ladies, he toils arduously over "Roofs and Bridges," while others write answers to their daily "Pink Sheets."

Farewell to you, one of the best of fellows; and continue to do as you have at V. M. I., and you will surely come out right on top in anything you undertake.

"Now, how is that, Colonel?"





CHILTON TAYLOR HAWKINS

Charleston, W. Va.

Born, 1895 Matriculated, 1914

"Chick" "Pete" "Hawk" "Sweed"

"Brother, thy tail hangs down behind."
—Kipling.

Fourth Class—Private Company "E;" Class Football; Class Basket-Ball.

Third Class—Corporal Company "E;" Varsity Football; Class Basket-Ball; Monogram Club.

Second Class—Quartermaster-Sergeant Company "F;" Varsity Football; Monogram Club; Captain Class Basket-Ball; Ring Committee; Assistant Manager Baseball; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

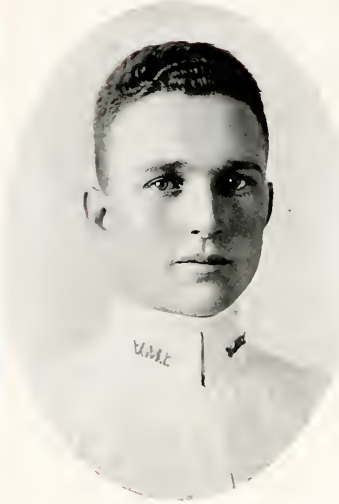
First Class—Captain Company "B;" Manager Baseball; Class Basket-Ball; Chairman Miniature Committee; Athletic Council; Marshal Final German.

Look out, Innocent One, or he will jump up and eat you! Chick came to us possessed with an unlimited capacity for food, the likeness of which has never been seen. Whether by night or by day, during C. Q. or Release, if there was anything to be found in Barracks, Chick was bound to be on hand, with nose in the box and both hands busy. As is generally the case, his Rat year was uneventful; but when he stepped into his Third Class year things began to hum.

The Big Dog Kennels opened up a place for him during his First Class year, and love by mail was easy for Chick. Any less than six letters on each mail from as many different Calic was considered by him as a bad day. This heart-breaker, of worldwide fame, always has two homes to visit when on furlough; and when taking leave from his second home, she always says, "I don't want you to go; you're so BIG and STRONG." But at that he's a good old boy, and we know in after years his heart will be for V. M. I., the same as it has been during his career as a Keydet.

H—, but I'm hungry. Let's go sweat the P. E."





STANLEY S. HERMAN
Danville, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Fannie" "Heinie" "Hoiman" "Bunks"

"Stern men with empires in their brains."
—Lowell

Fourth Class—Private Company "B;" Class Baseball.

Third Class—Corporal Company "C;" French Medal; Class Baseball.

Second Class—Color-Sergeant Staff; Marshal Final Ball; Class Baseball; Assistant Business Manager *"Cadet."*

First Class—Captain Company "E;" Business Manager *"Cadet;"* Class Baseball; Member P. E. Committee; Marshal Final German.

When the Lexington Limited pulled into the station, some years ago, a meek little Mister was seen seated on the rear platform of its only coach. Even at this early date, Jackson and Lee held no inspiration for him, for "Bunks" had his eye on Davis. Oftimes since, we have heard him murmur in his sleep, "Come Kath-leen my way."

Dice once fell into his hands, but Fannie turned them over to Triple C. Crintell. Along with the Irish Heathern in his room, he fell out on Sundays, and found comfort in F-3, defending the Kaiser. We hope you get a chance to put his "lights out some day;" and you won't fall down and hurt your hand, either, Hoiman.

As a farewell to you, Heinie; we want you to know that your unselfishness among men has won you a place in the bonds of V. M. I. Allow us to call your attention to one of "Tommy's" remarks, "He has given you talents." We expect great things.

"Wait, boys; I will tell you Thanksgiving."





HASSELL THOMAS HICKS

Axton, Va.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1914

"Mister Hicks" "H. T." "Mayor"

"Sigh no more, ladies; sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever—
One foot on sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never."
—Shakespeare.

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Corporal Company "C."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "B;" Ring Committee; Designer of Nineteen-Eighteen Class Ring; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Business Manager *"Christmas Supplement;"* "BOMB" Staff; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

Hassell Hicks—Good night, Ireney! Where do you imagine he could be from? As a Rat, he tried to explain to the Old Keydets that Axton was on the Danville and Western, near Danville, Va. We all think it must be somewhere near Sarg. Colburn's proverbial "sawdust pile on the right."

Our Mayor, meaning the specimen illustrated above, has always been popular in the Corps, ever since he came here, for his wit and originality; and also because he is fat. He has always been a dog with the Calic, but strange to say he falls for a new one at every Hop. So it is hard to tell whether he is really a Big Dog with any special Calic or not.

One of Hassell's favorite studies is, "How to put Axton on the Map." And we do all we can to encourage him in his great ambition. He says that he hopes some day to become President of the United States, and later to return to his native country and be Mayor of Axton; but with his odd characteristics and peculiarities we are proud to call him a friend, because he is modest, congenial, and attractive. So here's to you, Hassell! We love you, whether the Calic do or not; and may you make a success of the Big Fight, and win the friends that you did at V. M. I.



"Watch out! Watch out here! I'm cookie walk, I am."



GREGORY WADSWORTH HUGHES

Lynchburg, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Greg" "Pat" "Serg." "Hughies"

"Could I love less I should be happy now."
—Bailey.

Third Class—Private Company "D;" Company Rifle Team.

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "C;" Librarian; Marshal Final German.

When, in 1915, an infinitesimally small body came trotting into the Arch, everyone stared and wondered, "Who had blundered." Upon close scrutiny, however, the body turned out to be our little Pat, who for the first time was entering the walls of this institution, and who no longer allows one to proclaim his smallness of stature. Why, he even lays claim to be "Big Dog," when the Lexington Special succeeds in bringing in his tri-weekly "Pink-Sheet" from Hollins.

Upon his arrival in the Second Class, "the little boy" became an ardent disciple of "Chappie," and since then has reveled in the delights (?) of the Artists. His years here, however, have not been altogether wasted; for during his Cadetship he has acquired the quality of keeping a bright countenance under most adverse conditions, and is known by all to have a "wonderfully sweet disposition." Having had success unlimited in acquiring the general knowledge of an Artist, we feel sure that, whatever his life work may be, he will always be among the first.

"It's H— to be the littlest one in all the town."





Spottswood Hathaway Huntt

Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898. Matriculated, 1914

"Spot" "Birdie"

"How the block off, and get out the man."

—Pope.

Fourth Class—Private Company "B."

Third Class—Corporal Company "E."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "B;" Marshal Final German.

This cadet did not descend upon the arch in any such spectacular way as most of our fellow-sufferers are depicted as having done; he just did what I fear most of us really did—tiptoed in with a scared look and a "Lord help me now" expression.

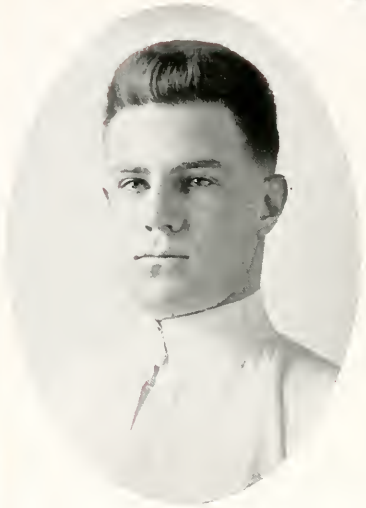
Birdie's rat year was highly successful; he kept a meek countenance, never pulled off any "bulls," and always left for formations (which, by the way, he still continues to do) five minutes before First Call. His studies never worry him, and when a Third Classman his running brought the desired Corporal.

His Corporal having developed into a Sergeant in his Second Class year, Spot next decided that he wanted to growl: to this end he became a "Big Dog," and was soon taken in hand by a competent "shepherd." He did not become a real "calic-catcher," however, until his First Class year, when he added Dodo to his other names, and when it required the assistance of his three roommates to gather in his mail.

It is not necessary to wish Spot success; his career at Virginia Military Institute has shown that he will attain it. We can, however, and do, wish him the greatest happiness in all that he undertakes.

"Watch out."





RAYMOND PROSSER JAMES
Richmond, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Runt" "Irish" "Patsy"

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."
—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "D."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "C;" Class Football 3, 2, 1; Member Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

"What may be your cognomen, Mister?" "Rodman on a chaingang" was the answer given by this "Irish Eukelele," whose gift of misunderstanding was enormous. Little did the mean Third Classman think that this Cork Country by-product would find his way among the smart men in Tommy's First Class section.

The unexpected will always happen, however. In spite of the fact that Runt was not caught in his mysterious dike as Officer of the NIGHT, or able to donate his miniature to a dark-haired calic, he still Pat-sys his head, and says, "I Kent work this problem."

Irish imagines that he is a bricklayer, stumps his toe, ruining Ike's white shoes, and falls on the floor. Never mind, Patsy; Pate expects to put up some guide ropes for your Finals, and a chalked line track for your wheelbarrow.

In your leaving, our alma mater sends out another loyal son, upon whom the world can look and find no truer words than, "he was a man."

"Better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."





FRANCIS CARROL JEFFRIES

Norfolk, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Jeff" "Chip" "Eccentricity" "Rabbit"

"A woman is only a woman,
But a cigar(ette) is a smoke."
—Kipling.

Fourth Class—Private Company "E;" Class Football; Class Baseball; Mandolin Club.

Third Class—Private Company "A;" Class Baseball; Mandolin Club; Cadet Orchestra.

Second Class—Private Company "A;" Company Rifle Team; Secretary and Treasurer Norfolk Club; Mandolin Club; Cadet Orchestra; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Private Company "A;" Company Rifle Team; President Norfolk Club; President Mandolin Club; Cadet Orchestra; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

On 'most any cold wintry afternoon, in the back room of G-2, sitting by the radiator, you will find Jeff, extracting sweet harmonies from any old guitar or banjo. At this art he is easily the champion of all barracks. After each arrival of the mail, he casually scans his Dog sheets, and again croons over his guitar.

Chip is probably the only disciple of Morpheus that could be an engineer, and a highbrow at that. By some means he pulls the wool over Tommy's eyes in a way that makes us all envy him. Still he is an engineer, and we in turn call him gifted. It is our only loophole.

Jeff is one of those whose high ideals and character have won for him a place in the hearts of all his classmates, for we have found him to be a true friend and a gentleman; one who makes friends for himself wherever he goes, and at the same time commands respect from his fellow-men. So, in leaving, we feel sure that he will make good in whatever walk of life he may be found.



"Hello There."



JULE DEWS JENKINS

Newport News, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Brick" "Red"

"His only books were women's looks;
And all they taught were folly."

Third Class—Private Company "A;" Class Basket-Ball.

Second Class—Private Company "A;" Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "A;" Class Basket-Ball; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

The only one in captivity—a red-headed "wharf-rat" who is characterized by his ever-present hard luck, raised to the nth power. This he showed us by his untimely attendance at the Washington and Lee Hops, as well as many other milar escapades. Unfortunately he has a spark of genius in his diminutive brain, and, like many such geniuses, disdains all work. As an athlete, he has come to 'Eighteen's assistance more than once, in helping her "cop" the basket-ball pennant.

The number and size of his pink sheets, which he receives daily, indicate that he is some "canine." In view of his thoro knowledge of the Blue Book, he has been officially signated as "The Ranking Guard House Lawyer." A true follower of "Old Rat," having acquired the art of juggling the molecules and atoms, he finally specialized in ics (Industrial Chemistry). With a warm spot in our hearts, we send him out in life with success as his goal; and we all know that, with his charming personality, it will only be a short time before he achieves this end. So here's to you, Brick."



"Can't be bothered; life is too short."



FITZHUGH BAYTOP JONES

Gloucester, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Fritz" "Baytop" "Frickey See"

"I'll speak to thee in silence."
—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final German.



"Who do you know up here, Mister?" "Mr. Tinsley, Sir; he is from my city." That's the way Fitzhugh got his start around here, after a long journey from Gloucester. Soon he became the "Pride of 'B' Company, Mayhu number 2," for fifty-three tours found him pressing the bricks around George.

Quite often a bad beginning means a good ending, and so it was with Baytop. Not since his rathood days has he sought the "gold-brick," or run excess, for Fitz has learned and does abide by the Blue Book.

He leads the Chemistry Section with his wonderful intellect, in spite of the fact that he seems hacked.

During your life with us, Fitz, we have learned to know and love you, and appreciate your individuality. May your future be as great a success as your life here.

"Wm—uh—huh" meaning yes and no."



JOHN WILBUR KEITH

Beaumont, Tex.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Handsome" "Judge" "Fitzhugh" "Jawn"

"Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip, but only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip."—Holmes.

Third Class—Private Company "A."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "A;" Marshal Final German.

One gloomy August day, "It" blew up to the "P-foot" sanctuary, and immediately thereafter decided not to become a Keydet; but "Pa" said, "Yes," and so "It" was forced upon us. Here also began the romance of the "Judge" and the "Barrell," which has been a matter of gravest concern. The Handsome's career here has been one to please the noblest "Highbrow." His greatest misfortune happened in his Second Class year, when he wore Sergeant's chevrons by order of the Commandant; but he got off easy, as he resigned them the following month. The Judge has two great failings which cause us worry for his future. The first and greatest of these is the "Daily Pink Sheet," which he swears have never failed to be dated consecutively. The other failing is the love for hay, in which he may be found at any time of day. He swears that he is going to join the matrimonial life the day he gets his Dip; but we fear "She will be lacking."

But yet, Oh, Judge, with all your virtues and vices, we expect you to be high in your chosen profession, Chemistry (mixing "Dopes," a la Web City). So here's to you, "Handsome"—the best of Calic, the best of luck!



"Pink slip here?"



GORDAN KYLE
Lynchburg, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated 1914

"Kitty" "Gordan" "Excess"

"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Fourth Class—Private Company "D."

Third Class—Corporal Company "B."

Second Class — Quartermaster-Sergeant Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.; Vice-President Lynchburg Club.

First Class—First Lieutenant Company "D;" Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.; President Y. M. C. A.; President Lynchburg Club; Hop Committee; *"Cadet"* Staff.

This hatchet-faced specimen of Hilly Billy was among the first arrivals of those much annoyed animals, the Rats, and experienced his first pang of homesickness when his train coasted back down the gentle incline in the rear of Barracks for a second attempt to pull the hill.

Kitty Gordan's favorite article of furniture being a couch, he can naturally be seen spending all of his spare time writing ont new orders to Bethlehem, or balancing Y. M. C. A. accounts. Having never missed Church in his four Cadet years, except when the Corps did, his religious accomplishments were crowned by his being elected President of the Y. M. C. A. by the Corps; and we often wonder what transpires in his and Dirty's secret conferences.

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of the Laundry Queens.

"I got him that crack."





Edgar Rivers Lafferty, Jr.
Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Cupid" "Ed" "Little Eddie"

"Rank is a great beautifier."
—Bulwer-Lytton.

Fourth Class—Private Company "D."

Third Class—Corporal Company "C."

Second Class—Quartermaster-Sergeant Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Cadet Adjutant; Manager Football; "*Cadet*" Staff; "Bomb" Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Class Football; Vestryman Episcopal Church Club; Secretary and Treasurer Richmond Club; Marshal Final German.

This protege of the Local Boys, after a varied but finally successful career has reached his First Class year. Altho forced to leave school before finals of his rat year, on account of the pink eye, he returned to school as a "mean Third Classman" the following session. At make-overs, our "Little Eddie" captured a Corporal, and with the aid of others proceeded to wipe up the Commissioned officers in "C" Company. And now he has become a dignified First Classman, with all the beautiful Adjutant's chevrons on his arm. Needless to say, these have caused more than one Calic's heart to flutter—hence the name Cupid, altho one was heard to remark something about the speed of a turtle. It was in this last year that Cupid came prominently into the eyes of the public, by his pugilistic "aspirations" in a boxing match with his classmate, Count Ichberg.

Having come out of such a varied career with "colors flying" so high, it is a foregone conclusion that he will "land on top" in the years to come.

"Without a doubt."





EDWIN BLAIR LAMB
Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Wajah" "Bah" "Sheep" "Blair"

"Her step is music, and her voice is song."
—Shakespeare

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Private Company "E."

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "F;" Marshal Final German.

Bah-h-h-h-h-waj—. No, this is not actually a member of the bleating family; but when he first approached us we really mistook him for one, and hence his name. He first became noted among us by performing the spectacular feat of hanging over the stoop, holding on with his feet. It is thought that this helped to raise his statute, for now he towers far above us, and on occasions even reaches over his "shelf." Recently, our friend having "dugged" for so long with little success, applied for membership in the Dodo Club. However, let this not be taken as a sign that he is a quitter, because there is strong evidence that his heart is still in his work; and, after seeing him at the hops, this can hardly be doubted. "Sheep," besides being one of Monk's tribe, has lately taken up the study of Virginia, and it may be that he will some day be in position to use both. Lamb has decided to enter the Aviation Corps, and we are sure that he will perform this art with credit.

"Aw G—."





PEYTON JAQUELIN MARSHALL
Winchester, Va.

Born, 1897 — Matriculated, 1914
"P. J." — "Payte"

"He reapeth as he sows."

Fourth Class—Private Company "A;" Vice-President Class.

Third Class—Corporal Company "A;" Williams-Graham Cup; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer Monogram Club.

Second Class—First Sergeant Company "A;" Secretary Monogram Club; President Final Ball; Ring Committee; Captain Basket-Ball.

First Class—Captain Company "A;" Monogram Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Varsity Basket-Ball (1, 2, 3, 4); Episcopal Church Club Vestry (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Baseball; Captain Basket-Ball; President Cotillion Club; Leader Final German. "BOMB" Staff; Athletic Council (1, 2); President Shenandoah Valley Academy Club.

"Hark, the herald angels sing." But this jim-jawed canine, who would sing, and can't sing, should be sent to Sing Sing. P. J. was not an expert swimmer, but he is perfectly at home when he hits "Widewater." He is the man who made Nineteen-Eighteen's Final Ball famous and the V. M. I. Hops what they are today.

He does what he thinks right, regardless of the cost; and that is the sort of man we expect to hear from later. The qualities that have won him fame here will do the same in after life.

As we leave you, Payte, you can be sure that no one has more of the good wishes and affections of his Class than you. We part with you in graduation, knowing that we shall miss you more and more; miss your counsel, your unassuming friendliness, your helping hand, and most of all your good old self.

"Yep—in this kitchen, Jeffries."





ROBERT A. MARR
Norfolk, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Judge" "Bob" "Highbrow"

"Where there is a will, there is a way."

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Private Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Marshal Final German.

This young gentleman made his appearance on a hot September day. From Headquarters, he strolled over the same ground he played on when he was a kid, living in Lexington.

He soon became a close friend of the Third Class, and in spite of their "kind" treatment, we will take this opportunity to thank Bob for being ever ready to coach a "dumb" one of us in anything.

This young fellow, contrary to expectations, proved to be a regular "Highbrow" and because of this received the appellation of "Judge." You can always find dense engineers around at No. 13, getting the principles of higher Math. installed into their hollow craniums by this modern Euclid.

His life's ambition is to be a big engineer, and some day, possibly, to bridge the "Nile." If hard work and determination will get you to the top of life's ladder, you won't be far from it.



"Good Lawd! Can't you see it, Newberger?"



HARLEY METCALFE, JR.
Metcalfe, Miss.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Harley" "Bull Met"

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Private Company "D."

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "C;" Marshal Final German.

Harley hails from Metcalfe, where the other nineteen inhabitants, thinking that the climate of Virginia would be good for him, unanimously decided to send him here. Since arriving, he has been under the constant guidance of the other "Bull-Calf." Thinking that the old creek on the farm could be dammed, and an electrical generating plant installed, and having had some experience with machinery, such as door hinges, alarm clocks, wheelbarrows, etc., he decided to join the ranks of the electricians. Here he has perfected himself in his chosen profession, that he might return to the old plantation and fulfill his youthful ambitions, thereafter living in the hearts of the men of color as "Marse Harley." He is quite shy of Calic, so he says; but every week he receives several pink sheets from a certain large city in China.

He hopes to become Mayor and Postmaster of Metcalfe, or President, some day, and then put Metcalfe on the map. Whichever of these you may undertake, here's success to you, Harley.



"Lemme get a Piedmont, and then I'll talk to you."



WILLIS RICHARDSON METCALFE
Greenville, Miss.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Skeeter" "Funny Face" "Skeet Calf"

"Sigh no more, ladies,
Sigh no more;
Men are deceivers ever."

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final German.

The above Dodo and follower of Chappie rolled up the hill on the "Keydet Special," and proceeded by instinct to find barracks via the lower road. "Get to your barracks, and 'tend to your daily 'juties,'" was the way he was greeted by that famous "bete noir" of the block runners.

As a "hay hitter" he has no equal, for this artist ran a "stinker to Rev." on the first day, and has added many in the last few years. He has been known to ride the Gim. unceasingly. While at the hospital, his master mind is set at rest, and he becomes much fascinated with the ——— Queens; however, the usual daily epistles and special deliveries even rout him from this "fruitful" place. Is he a lion? Well, maybe not; but big dogs hunt their holes around Hop time, while he struts the parade.

Perhaps some day he may become a soap-box orator in the far-off spot called Greenville; but whatever his line in after life, he will pass the censor, for 'Eighteen is banking on him, and wishing him luck.



"Woah—rock steady!"



JOHN MEGGETT METTENHEIMER
Dallas, Tex.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Mook" "Jew" "Heim" "Peggy"
"Nookenheim" "Kike"

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Corporal Company "C;" Debating Team.

Second Class—First Sergeant Company "E;" Assistant Manager Basket-Ball Team; Assistant Manager "*Christmas Supplement;*" Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Captain Company "C;" Business Manager "BOMB;" Manager Basket-Ball; Athletic Council; Minstrel Show Staff; Class Football; Class Baseball (3, 2); Class Basket-Ball (3, 2, 1); Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

How like a noble knight he looks! Yea, and verily it is impressed on those who know him. If he knows, he will tell you; and if he does not, he will tell you anyway. Nothing from the fine points of football to the details of the armament of the Canadian marines will find him at a loss conversationally.

The ALL-important came to us from "Somewhere in Texas," and soon after his arrival he began to "run," and is still at it, regardless of the fact that it is unnecessary now, as he has enjoyed all ranks possible, from the rear rank to the dignity and weighty responsibilities of a Cadet Captaincy.

It is sad to tell, but duty demands it—the Mook is laboring under a great misapprehension. Each time that he leaves his quarters, he asks, "How do I look?" The idea of this remark is that he thinks that "they go wild over him;" but the sad part of it is that he "goes wild, simply wild, over them ALL."

Mookenheim will get by, tho, in the big fight, for, besides possessing the ability and fighting spirit, he has the best wishes of all who have come in contact with him. Who could fail with this combination?



"Got a lot of work to do tonight."



HASSEL NORWOOD MICHIE
Durham, N. C.

Born, 1987 Matriculated, 1915

"Mick" "Snookums" "Bull Durham"

"Tin Soldier" "Moonface"

"In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine,
Floats on thru ethereal ether."

Fourth Class—Private Company "D."

Third Class—Private Company "D."

Second Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "D;" Marshal Final German; *"Cadet"* Staff; Assistant Photographic Editor "BOMB."

The above is a typical Tarheel, and not the full moon, as the picture seems to portray. We have found that the tar on his heels is the reason for his being such a Haymonger. One of his two best accomplishments is his ability to sing, which he has shown by singing "Over There" to the tune of "Joan of Arc," after coming from Parade one day, much to our sorrow. The other is his military knowledge of the bugle sounding "To the General" when one passes away. At the Hops, he harbors the horrible illusion that all the "Calic" are trying to play him for a Dodo, and he will allow none of them to make him "Big Dog." With all his faults, Mick is a hard worker, and one of Tommy's hardest students. Altho the radiators are never hot enough for him to study "steam," he says that he is keeping up with Puss Semmes, and we believe that he will make good in after years. So "good-bye, and good luck, Laddie Boy;" may your years be many, and your troubles few.



"Cut out that noise in the back room, and let a fellow go to sleep."



CHARLES BORDEN MILLER
Goldsboro, N. C.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Charlie" "Bowsprung"

"Sleep, it is a gentle thing;
Beloved from pole to pole."

Fourth Class—Private Company "D;" Class Baseball.

Third Class—Corporal Company "D;" Class Baseball; Secretary and Treasurer North Carolina Club.

Second Class — Quartermaster-Sergeant Company "C;" Vice-President North Carolina Club; Chairman Final Ball Committee; Z. D. C.

First Class—First Lieutenant Company "E;" Chairman Hop Committee; President North Carolina Club; Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

Some things explain themselves; some things are explained by others; but there are some things that can never be explained. The cause of Charlie's pensive mood and deep thoughtfulness after each Hop will always be a mystery to the occupants of G-2. Why is he so anxious to have every Sunday afternoon date with a certain young lady? and why does he stand in the window every morning, watching each mail wagon that passes, only to receive the powdered and perfumed epistles from another unknown friend?

But on the ballroom floor, Vernon Castle has nothing on Charles. To watch him tripping the light fantastic, one would imagine himself gazing upon Terpsichore herself; only "Bowsprung" has perfected a peculiar motion of the shoulders that the great goddess of dancing will never be able to imitate.

Dancing, however, is not the only one of Charlie's accomplishments that should be dwelt upon, for his numerous good qualities can by no means be overlooked. His ability to make friends has shown itself in his career at Virginia Military Institute, and he possesses a personality that will find for him a place in the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact.



"How about a date?"



JOHN WILEY MCCAULEY
San Antonio, Tex.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Mack"

"For e'en tho vanquished, he could argue still."

Third Class—Private Company "E;" Literary Society.

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Vice-President Literary Society; Debating Team; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "F;" President Literary Society; "BOMB" Staff; *"Cadet"* Staff; Debating Team; Marshal Final German.

The first time this rare specimen of manly beauty was noticed about the barracks, he was arguing with Rice Miller that two bits was too much to pay for his journey from the depot; and he has been arguing ever since. During his Rat year, Mac was as meek a Rat as there was in the Corps. But lo! when he arrived in Lexington the next September, we found that his character had changed indeed. He seemed to forget that he was a staid Second Classman, and tried to be a whole collection of "Mean" Third Classmen, as most of the Class of Twenty will testify. But this year he has acquired new traits of dignity, having settled down to real business.

Always a leader in his classes, and a wearer of a star, we are sure that if Mac becomes a Sub next year he will assuredly be a flattering addition to the Faculty. But, whatever course in life you follow, Mac, we are confident of your success, as your ready smile and suny disposition, in addition to your unquestioned ability, will see you thru places where many a lesser man would fail.



"I don't believe it, prove it."



BERTHOLE JOSEPH NEWBURGER
Joplin, Mo.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Ich" "Count" "Hamburger" "Booger"

The record of a generous life runs
Like a vine, and each kind act a perfumed flower.—Ingersoll.

Fourth Class—Private Company "E;" Football Squad; Class Basket-Ball.

Third Class—Private Company "F;" Class Football.

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Private Company "F;" Class Football; Boxing Team; Marshal Final German.

Don't let his looks scare you. He looks like he might have been an awfully Mean Third Classman, but the Rats took what he said with about nine grains of salt. When a Rat, he labored under exceptional handicap, because he isn't exactly handsome, and you couldn't say he had a "Military Hatrack," but he could stay over the table until they got tired using the stick and had to call for reinforcements.

He is a senior member of the Berger family, and has many kin left behind him. "Ick" has one of the biggest hearts of anybody in barracks. Upon the arrival of any eats from home, everybody was always welcome. If in any way he could befriend a fellow-cadet, it was his joy. A hard worker, and one who succeeds in the end, is what we tag him.

When he is an Army Officer, or Civil Engineer, we know he will be successful.

At the least, we wish him all luck, and lament his departure from his alma mater, which he loves so well.



"You meant to say it, but you didn't."



ALEXANDER WILSON PARKER
Franklin, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915
"Alex" "Margie" "Packer"

"Give me a lever long enough,
And a prop strong enough,
I can single-handed move the world."
—Archimedes.

Third Class—Private Company "F;" Cadet Literary Society; Inter-Collegiate Debating Team.

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Corresponding Secretary Literary Society; Inter-Collegiate Debating Team; Class Basket-Ball; Assistant Editor *"Cadet;"* Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "F;" Parliamentarian Cadet Literary Society; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *"Cadet;"* "BOMB" Staff; Class Historian; Class Basket-Ball; Scrub Football; Class Football; Inter-Collegiate Debating Team; Marshal Final German.

Some have called this handsome; but we have the above as evidence. Alex hails from Franklin, Va., and to the public this means nothing, altho he swears that it is a "regular town." We notice, however, that he is rather fond of Richmond, and was the recipient of a Christmas card from that place, which he produces as evidence that his Calic loves him. Margie had rather dodge the O. C. running lights at night than anything else we know of, except to eat. He is willing to try 'most anything, and will bet you a mythical fifty cents that he can do it—mythical, because we have never seen it produced on these occasions. Parker has shown considerable literary ability, in fact he is quite a "moo" artist, and should become a successful lawyer. Indeed, we feel sure that he will come out of the big end of the horn if the little one proves too small. His present ambition is to join his brother in the Aviation Corps, and we feel sure that he will uphold the traditions of his alma mater in this and other branches of the Service, and of life.



"I'll swear, I've got a lot of work to do."



RICHARD K. M. PATTERSON
Petersburg, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Pat" "Dick" "Vamp" "V. V's Eyes"

"I've taken my fun as I've found it,
And now I must pay for my fun."
—Kipling.

Fourth Class—Private Company "B."

Third Class—Private Company "E;" Minstrel Club.

Second Class—Private Company "E;" Company Rifle Team; Assistant Cheer Leader; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "E;" Director Minstrel Club; "BOMB" Staff; Post Exchange; "*Cadet*" Staff; Marshal Final German.

Well, here he is, girls; and we know you will all think this looks worth while, since we've put Beautiful's picture here. Of course that is what you have been looking forward to; and far be it from us to deny you that great privilege. Old "V. V.'s Eyes" is the one and original "College Vamp;" and, boys, he's got 'em. Try as he would, Pat couldn't keep away from the W. and L. dances, with or without authority. But he has made a good "Piedmont Peddler," mail-carrier, premier minstrel king, and "Bull" slinger. And his dancing is only excelled by his ability to store away food and "Varnish." But he took the "Arts," and that is the one good thing we can say for him, taking first strand in Hay-hitting and in "Dill-berry" picking. Even at that, we wonder why he didn't take Civil, SO he would know something about "Barnes" and "Temples." Here's to you, "Vamp;" and may your abilities bring forth success in life as your smiles have brought forth the admiration of the "Calic."



"— D— these Subs."



CHARLES WESLEY PEEBLES
Lawrenceville, Va.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1915

"Christmas" "Dream Boy" "Eggsmas"

"Had sighed to many, tho had loved but one."

Third Class—Private Company "B."

Second Class—Private Company "B;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Marshal Final German; Class Football.

This specimen, hailing from the metropolis of Lawrenceville, and having had one year of college life previous to his entrance in the Fall of 1915, wore quite a sunny smile when he signed up at "Old Nick's." But when he entered the arch, the smile quickly vanished. He was soon taken down from his lofty pinnacle by the "Mean" Third Classmen, and during the remainder of his Rathood little was heard of him. On attaining the dignity of a Second Classman, however, he cast his lot with "Chappy's Famous Tribe of Haymongers," and has since been the chief "dry wit" of the Arts Section. In spite of his nickname, "Dream Boy," his moments actually spent in the "hay" are few; but a large part of his time is consumed in daydreams, thinking of his little girl at home. He claims to be a Big Dog, and indeed the number of "Pink Sheets" received indicates that he is quite a power in the canine world.

He can be seen in action at all the Hops, attempting to find temporary substitutes for his "one and only." Altho his military aspirations have never been very high, we feel sure that his future will be marked with success. Good-bye, and luck be with you, "Dream Boy."



"Shake it up, Jack; don't shine your shoes all day."



RICHARD MCCUE PEELER
Huntsville, Ala.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1915

"Cap'n" "Dick" "Canadian Club"

"Fill the cup, and let it come,
I'll pledge you a smile to the bottom."
—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "E."

Second Class—Private Company "E;" Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "E;" Class Football (3, 2, 1); Hop Committee; "BOMB" Staff; Marshal Final German.

"Who is that cute man?" Well, Girls; just stand back, and I'll tell you. First of all, an actor of "ill" repute; in his spare time, a fashion model for the Union Suit Company, and a gridiron warrior of many fierce battles, from which he has marvelously escaped unscathed.

You notice that Bulldog expression? It's his favorite; he uses it on all occasions, and forces Dum Bo to seek solace in the trunk room, among the Towneys.

Cap'n, altho we haven't had you but three years, we have during that time learned to know and value your friendship. You have the gift of a sunny nature, a generous soul, and brilliant mind. For your future we have no care; that an opportunity may be afforded you to prove your ability is our wish.

"Who smoked up all the cigarettes?"





MAURICE ELIOT REILLEY

Charlotte, N. C.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Pat" "Doc" "Major" "Irish"

"Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse."—Dr. Johnson.

Fourth Class—Private Company "C."

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Z. D. C.; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "C;" Y. M. C. A. Committee; Hop Committee; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final German.

His folks just put him under the charge of the conductor, with orders to see that he arrived safely at Lexington, and so we have him. Pat is the official doorkeeper at all dances, and knows the "Titanics" from "the Pleasure Yachts." He is absolutely immune from bribe, for he takes pleasure in seeing his friends painfully piloting around the floor. Doc. is a great admirer of the women; yet in a bashful way, being a great believer in the old saying, "Distance lends enchantment."

Not handsome, just fascinating—doesn't put his hair up at night, but has great faith in the use of the hairbrush, which he applies quite frequently.

Major is destined for the army, and his chief ambition is to be a "Sojer Boy" "Over There." You can bet that whatever he goes into he will make good; so here's wishing you the best of luck, Doc., Old Scout.

"I can't be bothered."





ROBERT GLOVER ROBERTSON, JR.
Lynchburg, Va.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Bob" "Bobbie" "Robbie" "R. G."

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."
—Anonymous.

Third Class—Private Company "C."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "D;" Secretary Lynchburg Club; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "D;" Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Vice-President Lynchburg Club; Marshal Final German.

Hailing from the alleged metropolis of Lynchburg, Bobbie joined us in the fall of 1915, having already experienced two years of military training at Rollers, with the aid of which he successfully deluded the Institute authorities to the extent of "bull-sergeant." Among the members of the fairer sex, he apparently has few "Big Dog" aspirations, but his weekly weather reports to a certain place in Lynchburg require several hours of ardent work in their preparation, and we all agree that it is not his fault that he has become a member of The Disappointed Lovers' Club. Having successfully braved the storms of the Third Class, Bob became a devoted follower of Old Rat in the study of Test-Tubes and Acids. Ordinarily, Bob shows signs of real intelligence; but once in his foolish mood we wonder if we have erred in our estimation of him. In the long run, however, Bobbie's excellent judgment and dogged determination promise to win for him the high standing in life that he so justly deserves.



"Get up out of that hay! Well, d— it; lie there, then."



BENJAMIN WARNER LEWIS SEMMES

Newport News, Va.

Born, 1893 Matriculated, 1914

"Smike" "Boilermaker" "Puss"

"Na talent, but yet a character."—Heine.

Fourth Class—Private Company "A;" Scrub Football.

Third Class—Corporal Company "B;" Class Football.

Second Class—Private Company "F;" Captain Class Football; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Private Company "F;" Scrub Football; Marshal Final German; Hop Committee; Vice-President Peninsula Club; Z. D. C.

On the morning of September 17, 1914, three Misters had just been assigned to a room, when a mighty Corporal came in, with a hard-looking Rat on his trail with a complete set of boilermakers' tools; and we have been receiving lectures in that "Art" ever since. When Puss became a Third Classman, he was made a Corporal; but he resigned in order to accept a position as blacksmith on the Artillery Detail.

First Classmen know Puss as a shining star in Lexington Society, and his only trouble is that of teaching the Calic at the Hops how to do the Thelmo Glide, a dance which he introduced when he was a Rat. When he once starts, the Star Spangled Banner must be played twice before he can stop. His greatest ambition is to become a Cadet Officer, so he can attend the Subs' dances.

Lewis has won great admiration in the hearts of all his classmates, for they know him to be a true friend and a gentleman. He will stand high among his fellow-men in every walk of life.

"Go 'way! Go 'way!"





ROBERT SHEFFIELD TOWERS
Jacksonville, Fla.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1915

"Bob" "Puzzle" "Willie" "Tubby"

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."—Shakespeare.

Third Class—Private Company "D;" Class Football.

Second Class—Private Company "C;" Scrub Football; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "B;" Class Football; Marshal Final German; President Florida Club.

This Mister received his sentence exactly three years ago, a short, round, chubby and graceful figure, with a crop of auburn hair, and developed to be the famous "Puzzle," whose expressions keep one guessing. The land of "flowers and alligators" is Bob's native State, the particular spot being Jacksonville, of which he seems very proud. Willie claims he is only a distant admirer of the "Fairer Sex" yet many a Calic has fallen a victim to his winning ways, only to be a Dodo. However, the fact that the afternoon mails usually bring a "Pink Sheet" from the "Mrs.," or a booklet from the Magic City, indicates after all that he must be something of a Vampire.

Willie's chief ambition is to be a "Hard-boy;" but we can't see him that way. A look at the innocent countenance proves that he is destined for a "Hardware" man. Bob is very fond of trifling and joking; his cheerful laugh breaking forth frequently has won his way among the hearts of many. He is kind-hearted, generous, and the truest of friends.

Here's to you, Tubby; we wish you the success in life you so rightfully deserve.

"Look out, boys; she's gone hog-wild."





HANSFORD BRYAN TRUSLOW

Falmouth, Va.

Born, 1896 Matriculated, 1914

"Herbie" "Trus" "Trucelow"

"Man's worth is estimated in this world according to his conduct."—La Bruyère.

Fourth Class—Private Company "F."

Third Class—Corporal Company "F."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "F;" Member Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Captain Company "F;" Chairman Y. M. C. A. Committee; Hop Committee; *"Cadet"* Staff; Z. D. C.; Marshal Final German.



As a Rat, Herbie was burdened with the unmistakable stamp, "I am from the country;" and it has not entirely worn off to this day. He has never reached the point where he can "trip the fantastic toe;" but after many attempts, and much practice with his roommates, he was able to "push" at the Fancy Dress Ball.

Trus wishes to go into the army, and to accomplish this end he has taken advantage of every opportunity afforded him, and has made for himself a name of which he may be justly proud. He is the fortunate possessor of four stripes. In this capacity, he has shown himself worthy of a commission in the army, and we feel sure that he will discharge his duty there as he has done here, faithfully and conscientiously. Trus is a friend worth while. "Plow 'em up," Herbie; we are all behind you.

"'Doc.' I'll swear I can't see this stuff."



WILSON JAMES VAN DYKE
Baltimore, Md.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914

"Van" "Doc." "Dyke"

"A woman is only a woman;
But a good cigar's a smoke."
—Kipling.

Third Class—Private Company "A."

Second Class—Sergeant Company "A;" Marshal Final Ball; Z. D. C.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "A;" Marshal Final German; *"Cadet"* Staff; Z. D. C.; Track (4, 3); Swimming Team.

Behold! A Baltimore Oriole! He lighted in our midst during the fall of 1914, but to his great astonishment the rectangle surrounded by those "yallow" walls was not the flying city of Baltimore, and Van soon found that he had to settle down to work. As a member of the Third Class, Analytics was his "Dodo," and Doc. shortly joined "Ole '18."

With the Peacemakers, Doc. did his share, never forgetting his eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not get caught."

His athletic abilities, he shows us in the pool; and no doubt he would have made a good swimmer had he not shown too close a friendship for Morpheus.

The Class, one and all, thank Baltimore for giving us Doc.; and we are sure of his perfect success in the future. Go get 'em, Van!

"I'll swear I'm going to study next month."





JOHN HERBERT WARE

Richmond, Va.

Born, 1893 Matriculated, 1914

"Uncle Ike" "Johnnie" "Wake"

"Itchey" "Dodo"

"And what he greatly thought, he nobly dared."—Homer.

Fourth Class—Private Company "E."

Third Class—Corporal Company "E."

Second Class—Color-Sergeant Staff; Assistant Manager Football; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Lieutenant Company "C;" Assistant Business Manager of "THE BOMB;" P. E. Committee; Cheer Leader; Senior Instructor at Training Camp; Marshal Final German.

"Where you from, Mister?" "Russia, Sir." And ever since his nose has been protruding, until he was easily recognized as the Barracks Shylock when he came in control of "The Bomb" funds. And even now, while figuring an hour, Ike can be heard moaning, "I lose money." Forgetting his religion on Christmas Day, Itchy hung out his three proverbial gold balls to give his friends the welcome. He proved his musical abilities by continually singing "The Pawnbroker's Cantata," to the tune of the cash register, at the Post Exchange.

Wake is very much interested in Glassell-ing, and tho Young he once said he would be a Mann, until someone Curtis Biscuits. Dodo could be seen leading the pack on the hill, and this probably accounts for his fondness of a Shepherd.

We give you credit, Johnnie, for developing the best cheering the team ever had; and are contented to know that your untiring efforts will ever bring you success in what you undertake. In leaving, the dear alma mater has lost a true son, and one of whom she may well be proud.

"Boys, I swear Semmes is older than I am."





ROBERT GRANT WEST
Austin, Tex.

Born, 1897 Matriculated, 1914
"Bob" "Brute"

"Ask me no questions;
I will tell you no lies."

Fourth Class—Private Company "B."

Third Class—Private Company "E."

Second Class—Private Company "E;" Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Private Company "E;" Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Marshal Final German.



You can tell from his face and hair that he comes from the land of the wild and woolly. Austin happens to lie in a particular B.S. Section of the great Lone Star State. Naturally you would expect the Brute to have a good line. We don't care to disappoint you, so we will confess; and tell you he has captured the championship. Bob came to us from the Columbia Military Academy.

One gets on his nerves if one tells him he lies; so one must say he prevaricates. Since his arrival, he has become a most distinguished Civil Engineer, and he was the star of the First Class football team. He was one of the most universally liked men at the Institute during his whole Cadetship.

He has a gift of intelligence, which will stand him in good stead in the future. He intends to study Law, and we know he will make good. We hate to see you leave, Bob; and wish you Good Luck. Good-bye!

"Don't say I lie!"



S. B. Witt

Richmond, Va.

Born, 1898 Matriculated, 1914

"Sammy" "Weet" "S. B." "Chung" "Chinaman"

"Words of wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings."

Fourth Class—Private Company "C;" Class Historian; Class Football.

Third Class—Corporal Company "C;" Class Historian; Class Football; Class Baseball; Minstrel Show.

Second Class—First Sergeant Company "D;" Class Historian; Scrub Football; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Editor *"Bullet;"* "Bomb" Staff; Vice-President Dramatic Club; Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

First Class—Captain Company "B;" President First Class; President Athletic Association; Varsity Football; Monogram Club; Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; President Richmond Club; *"Cadet"* Staff; Editor-in-Chief "Bomb;" Marshal Final German; Z. D. C.

"There be none of Beauty's daughters with a magic like thee," Sam'l; and the sad part of it is that you use this certain knowledge to the undoing of the fairy sprites that cross your path. The guile of youth is well able to overcome the wiles of women, and to cause the tables to be turned on them; but you must never forget that there are some who can even bear down the angelic smile and winning ways. I call to mind the time when the esthetic Amazon trod upon your chubby toe.

It is certain that Fate deemed you fitted for the Captaincy which you hold, for she made those arms long enough to accommodate the four-stripe chevrons, which could not have been placed on an arm in keeping with your diminutive stature. And again, Fate used you well in her plans, for she filled you with wild ideas, and furnished you with a "Bomb" with which to blow up the hopes of contemporary aspirants. You have filled the presidential chair of your Class well and wisely, and it seems as tho the wisdom of the ages has been placed in the head which tops your shoulders, which so many times made an opening in the line well worthy of a man of twice your stature on the gridiron. And yea, tho you roost on a radiator for ever, I am sure that success will follow in your wake.

"Bring Ashburn in here."





EX-EIGHTEEN



EX-CLASSMATES

Acree, B. V.	Virginia
Alverson, H. L.	Virginia
Adkins, F. B.	Virginia
Austin, F. H.	Alabama
Bagby, F. H.	Virginia
Barnard, J. H.	Texas
Barry, W. S.	Mississippi
Benners, R. S.	Pennsylvania
Bertschey, S. L.	Virginia
Bolen, C. H.	Virginia
Borden, T. F.	North Carolina
Bradford, J. R.	Florida
Bratton, T. P.	South Carolina
Brice, W. T.	Virginia
Burress, J. S.	Virginia
Caldwell, F. Y.	Virginia
Campbell, A. H.	Canada
Carneal, C. W.	Virginia
Champe, I. P.	West Virginia
Chewning, J. C.	Virginia
Cobb, B. B.	North Carolina
Cole, S. H.	Virginia
Compton, W. B.	Virginia
Conrad, G. B.	Virginia
Corzelius, F. M.	Virginia
Cruzen, R. H.	Missouri
Curtis, C. C.	Virginia
Cutler, C. C.	New York
Dance, P. R.	Virginia
Davis, R. L.	Louisiana
Dew, T. R.	Virginia
Eppes, W. J.	Virginia
Fields, O. P.	Texas
Foy, L. W.	Alabama
Franklin, H. C.	Virginia
Gatlin, P. F.	Virginia
Glazenbrook, L. W.	District of Columbia
Glenn, W. O.	Virginia
Gray, F. C.	Virginia
Gray, H. P.	Virginia
Grantham, T. D.	North Carolina
Goodman, W. G.	Illinois
Gould, W. T., Jr.	New York
Griffith, A. F.	Virginia
Haley, E. A.	Virginia
Haley, W. A., Jr.	Virginia
Harney, J. N.	North Carolina
Hancock, M. McC.	Virginia
Harmon, J. R.	Kentucky
Harrison, W., Jr.	Minnesota
Harwood, A. H.	Virginia
Henshaw, B. S.	West Virginia
Hix, C. H.	Virginia
Hock, C.	Virginia
Horgan, C. J.	Virginia
Hunter, K. C.	Virginia
Imboden, W. D.	Texas
Ingram, S. L.	Virginia
Jones, N. D.	Pennsylvania
Jones, C. P.	Alabama
Kester, W. W.	Virginia
Kinzer, J. D.	Virginia
Lee, R.	Virginia
Lewis, M. M.	Virginia
Lewis, R. G.	Texas
Mantor, M.	Texas
Martin, W. P.	Oklahoma
Moore, A. H.	Oklahoma
Moore, H. R.	Texas
Morgan, W. H.	Virginia

McCombs, S. J. Tennessee
McGill, W. M. Virginia
Neale, E. F. Virginia
Nelson, J. C., Jr. Virginia
Nock, L. F. Virginia
Noell, W. W. Virginia
Oakes, L. L. Oklahoma
Owens, W. J. Virginia
Parsons, J. W. Virginia
Perkinson, R. Virginia
Potts, T. R. Virginia
Post, W. G., Jr. Georgia
Randolph, J. F. North Carolina
Ransome, C. F. Virginia
Ripley, D. H. Texas
Rising, J. D. Illinois
Roberdeau, H. L. Texas
Rogers, E. B. Virginia
Root, P. W. Missouri
Rothert, J. M. Virgin'a
Saunders, J. M. Virginia
Scudder, I. C. Missouri
Scrivens, E. B. Minnesota
Semple, S. M. Pennsylvania
Sizer, J. B. Tennessee
Shepperd, G. F. Pennsylvania
Smith, A. B. Virginia
Speed, W. G. Maryland
Stiles, W. A. Alabama
Sturke, A. F. New York
Summers, B. W. Virginia
Sullivan, J. J. Virginia
Taylor, D. A. Ohio
Taylor, J. M. Virginia
Taylor, J. New Jersey
Thomas, J. A. Pennsylvania
Thompson, G. O. Texas
Thornton, A. L. Virginia
Tomlinson, J. B. Oklahoma
Toole, G. J. Georgia
Tucker, C. M. Virginia
Van Sant, J. A. Kentucky
Watson, T. M. Texas
White, E. T. Texas
Williams, J. W. Virginia
Willoughby, W. North Carolina



In Memoriam

to

Samuel J. McComb

Member of the Class of 1918



Died May 29, 1917

In Memoriam

John Herbert Ware

of Richmond, Va.

Member of the Class of 1918

who met tragic death while serving his fellows

April 8, 1918



"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."



FIRST CLASS

A HISTORY

BORN, 1914, in Lexington, Va., to the Virginia Military Institute, the Class of Nineteen-Eighteen.

To those who were here then, the new-born appeared to be a healthy specimen, and it was not long before the hundred and thirty-five rats proved that they were here for business, and that the Class was to become what it has since proven itself to be. Four long years ago we first donned the gray, and received our first insights to the hardships and yet attractions within these old walls. Our Rathood days sped quickly by, hastened by such incidents as the "Shirt-Tail Parade," "The Snow Fight on the Hill," and sweet anticipations of Finals; and it was not long before we cast off our cloak of meekness and obedience, soon to don that of independence and anarchistic freedom of the Third Classman.

Again September rolled around, and with it returned to these dear old barracks many of 'Eighteen's former number, whose sole intent seemed to consist in successfully instituting a "reign of terror" for the newly cadet. Our peaceful (?) intentions reached their acme when our dear friend George received his annual coating of red paint, which being delivered on an extremely cold night was accompanied by a wholesome covering of feathers, to insure his warmth. The remainder of the year was spent by many of the Class in practising the art of throwing hand grenades; and it was not long before another Auld Lang Syne was heard on the Hill.





Three months later, it was with unbounded ecstasy that seventy-eight of our number welcomed each other back to nine more months of close companionship and arduous labor, and the ensuing term was merely to verify the prophesy that 'Eighteen was "the best Class yet." Unconsciously, we began to assume the dignified pose of an upper-classman, and to look with utmost disdain upon the trifling actions of the "Dumb Third Classmen." It was in this year that the second "great epoch" in the history of the cadet occurred: namely, the arrival of the "best-looking" Class ring that had ever been put out. The coming of the "ring" was the forerunner of the gradual assumption by 'Eighteen of the graver and more serious responsibilities. Witt was chosen to edit "THE BOMB," while the reins of *"The Cadet"* were entrusted in the hands of Cantrell, both of whom have admirably proven their ability and determination to carry out such undertakings in 'Eighteen's distinctive manner.

September, 1917, brought with it a new 'Eighteen, a more serious and a more determined Class. We returned, our ranks somewhat depleted by the absence of those of us who had answered our Nation's call, and are now serving "somewhere" under its flag. The remainder of us, with 'Eighteen's characteristic doggedness, set our shoulders to these massive walls, and have guided the Institute thru another period of its history. In the military branch, our O. D.'s and our O. G. G.'s testified to our efficiency. Socially, "THE BOMB" and *"The Cadet"* were our products; the Hops, under the guidance of Marshall, P., Leader of Final German, and Curtis, D., Assistant Leader, have been of the best mold.

Among those who did not answer their names at Class roll call in September last, are [illegible]ay, our former President; Root, Vice-President; and Foy, Assistant Leader Final Ball—the absence of which men necessitated election of new Class officers early in the year. S. B. Witt was chosen to lead us thru the most important of our years; with Cantrell ably assisting him in the role of Vice-President. Both of these men have guided the Class with master hands over the many pitfalls and rough places; and have admirably fulfilled the trust placed in them.

In athletics, 'Eighteen has always come up to the mark—Marshall, P., Bertschey, Gray, Hawkins, and Harris having faithfully served the Varsity in football, with many others working on the Scrubs. Marshall, P., and Hock have shown up exceedingly well in Varsity basket-ball; while baseball and track have been well represented by members of our Class.

In Class athletics, we have always boasted of "carrying off the bacon" in nearly every game that we have played; and altho many of the championship games have been close, or even a tie, we have, since our Rathood days, never met the Class at whose hands we have suffered defeat.

In the molding of our Class, there have been many who have fallen by the wayside—some victims of the "Ipso Facto Deficient" disease, and some who have left us for other reasons. To these we honestly say that, while they are not actually enrolled with us of today, still in our hearts they are and always will be our "Classmates;" and we feel sure that they will be a worthy addition to any other Class, or any phase of life upon which they may enter. To those who have left us to join the ranks of those serving in our country's army, we extend our heartiest congratulations on the stand that they have taken, knowing that this vital part of 'Eighteen will forever uphold the high standard of their alma mater. To them we send our wishes, as expressed in the words of the song:

"May you win your share of glory
And come back to tell your story"

and our hopes are that many of us now present may be with them shortly, to do our part towards furthering the great work that is now confronting our Nation.

Coming to the close of four long, long years of toil and hardships, we have tasted of the many bitter pills which characterize the cadet's life, and are now about to take that fatal step which carries us beyond the care and protection of these walls, leaving us to meet squarely our own responsibilities and to fight our own battles. In these years, that have in a way been long ones, we have learned the meaning and the value of true friendship, we have experienced hardships, remembrances of which form our fondest memories, and we have absorbed, partially at least, that spirit which so dominates our Institution. Soon we will hear for the last time the notes of Taps as they float softly out on the night air, and echo and re-echo among the distant hills. Then it will be that we will look back upon our life here, and say that Father Time has too swiftly turned his hourglass, and that our four years have been only a vague ethereal dream, tinged with vivid realities.

Now is come the time when we have to leave these walls to do our bit elsewhere, and it is with a brave heart that we separate, at the closing of Auld Lang Syne. Separated in body, our souls remain contact in one lasting tie, and our thoughts, to do only that which will perpetuate the ever-growing honor and glory of our alma mater.

—Historian.



SECOND CLASS



1919



SECOND CLASS



SECOND CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

W. G. Wills *President*
J. J. Sullivan *Vice-President*
H. L. Roberdeau *Historian*

ROLL

Addison, W. M. Richmond, Va.
Bancroft, T. O. Orange, Tex.
Barrett, F. S. Newport News, Va.
Bond, R. N. Brownsville, Tex.
Branch, A. Wilson, N. C.
Brown, P. Lexington, Va.
Burger, H. I. Natural Bridge, Va.
Butler, E. L. St. Francisville, La.
Carter, J. P. Lynchburg, Va.
Casey, B. W. Lynchburg, Va.
Cheyne, W. E. Hampton, Va.
Clapp, R. V. Cleveland, Ohio
Conway, E. R., Jr. Henderson, Ky.
Dew, T. R. Lynchburg, Va.
Dillon, E. Lexington, Va.
Drennan, C. W. Birmingham, Ala.
Englery, G. B. Roanoke, Va.
Franklin, J. R. Lynchburg, Va.
Gary, B. R. Newport News, Va.
Gill, E. H. Petersburg, Va.
Grundy, A. C. Memphis, Tenn.
Henderson, S. T. Charlotte, N. C.
Higgins, J. D. McKenzie, Tex.
Hughes, S. R., Jr. Danville, Va.
Hurt, H. A. Fort Worth, Tex.
Jennings, W. L. Newport News, Va.
Jernigin, R. C. Commerce, Tex.
Jones, C. A., Jr. Boyce, Va.
Jones, T. D. Petersburg, Va.
Keezell, N. H. Keezeltown, Va.
Kerlin, E. G. Roanoke, Va.
Knapp, F. D. Richmond, Va.
Lewis, Y. Dallas, Tex.
Lowry, L. B. Tampa, Fla.
Marchant, B. W. Mathews, Va.
Marshall, A. J. Mingo, W. Va.
Martin, F. K. Norton, Va.
Mertz, O. L. San Benito, Tex.
Moncure, J. A. Richmond, Va.
Montjoy, L. Greenwood, Miss.
Moore, W. B. Chesterfield, S. C.
Morton, T. F. Fort Worth, Tex.
McFall, J. C., Jr. Danville, Va.
McGill, W. M. Petersburg, Va.
Parkhurst, R. B. Charleston, W. Va.
Parsons, A. M. Palestine, Tex.
Pfeifler, J. H. Edmore, Mich.
Quigley, F. M. Alton, Ill.
Radford, L., Jr. Forest Depot, Va.
Ransom, C. S. Orange, Va.
Rhudy, J. T., Jr. Galax, Va.
Roane, T. W. Fredericksburg, Va.
Roberdeau, H. L. Austin, Tex.
Rudolph, C. C. Jacksonville, Fla.
Ruffin, T. E. Danville, Va.
Sale, E. A., Jr. Lexington, Va.
Scott, F. R. Richmond, Va.
Scott, J. H. Richmond, Va.
Shackelford, W. C., Jr. Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, D. V. Leesville, Va.
Smith, R. M. Chicago, Ill.
Sullivan, J. J. Lynchburg, Va.
Taylor, F. M. Kinston, N. C.
Taylor, J. M. Richmond, Va.
Thomas, C. R. Guinea Mills, Va.
Thompson, J. M. Fort Worth, Tex.
Thomson, E. W. Pittsburg, Pa.
Tucker, C. M. Richmond, Va.
Van Wagenen, F. Danville, Va.
Wilkinson, W. H., Jr. Bedford, Va.
Williams, J. W. Richmond, Va.
Williamson, R. B. Graham, Va.
Williamson, T. S., Jr. Danville, Va.
Wills, W. G., Jr. Lynchburg, Va.
Wimberley, B. B. Rocky Mount, N. C.
Withers, N. R. Suffolk, Va.
Woodward, C. D. College Park, Ga.
Young, H. D. W. Blackstone, Va.

SECOND CLASS HISTORY

SAY! where are you going? This question was addressed to a youth in "cits," laden with blouses, coatees, and overcoats, coming out of the main Arch. The youth addressed turned around, with a broad grin on his face, and replied, "I'm going to have another stripe sewed on," and disappeared in the direction of the Repair Shop.

It was the first week in September, and the boys were returning to the Institute for a ten months' rest, after the summer toil. Among the effusive handshaking, you would see two or more boys drop their suitcases, and grab each other like two long-lost brothers. These were classmates, who had cast their lot in common two years before, when they entered the Institute together as Newly Cadets.

At the first opportunity, a Class meeting was held, and the class officers for the coming year were elected: Waller G. Wills, of Lynchburg, Va., President; Joseph J. Sullivan, of Lynchburg, Va., Vice-President; and Horace L. Roberdeau, of Austin, Texas, Historian.





The passing of another week saw things going smoothly, and the Second Classmen began to question each other, "Do you know anything about the rings?" The chairman of the Ring Committee answered questions until his face grew red and his neck swelled every time anyone mentioned ring to him. However, all anxiety was dispelled at Christmas time, when the rings appeared on the hands of the "two stripers," only to leave some of them at the Christmas and succeeding Hops.

The Class of Nineteen-Nineteen was fortunate in the fact that only three men were lost during the annual mid-year battle with Mechanics and other denizens of the Section Room. It is hard to express the feeling of the Class which lost them, for we know that they are still with us in spirit.

When the third Officers' Training Camp opened, the Second Class lost a few members, and the Aviation Corps held an attraction for some.

In athletics, 'Nineteen was a leader, furnishing Addison, W., Anderson, Engleby, Knapp, Roberdeau, Thomas, R., and Woodward, who won their monograms in football. Thomas, R., was elected Captain of next year's team.

In basket-ball, Wills, Engleby, Thomas, and Gary are in the race for monograms. Martin, Jernigan, Thomas, and Sullivan upheld the honors of the Class on the diamond. In gymnasium and track, we were not left out, Wimberly being Captain of the Gym. team.

J. P. Carter, of Lynchburg, Va., was chosen Editor-in-Chief of the "Nineteen-Nineteen Bomb;" and in him we have a man of rare ability.

Lynchburg again came to the front when the Class elected W. G. Wills and J. J. Sullivan, of that city, as Leader and Assistant respectively of the Final Ball. Two better men could not have been picked, and we look forward expectantly to the best Final Ball, and those Nineteen-Nineteen Special Extras.

As the balmy days of June draw near, with its quota of long hikes and parades, we look at the three stripes on the First Classmen's sleeve, and think of the time not far distant when the Second Classmen will begin the last lap of the long grind, with its sorrows and joys. But what can be better than to saunter up to the Arch, and condescend to salute the O. D., and say, "Leaving on First-Class Permit?"

The Class of Nineteen-Nineteen cheerfully takes the burden from the shoulders of Nineteen-Eighteen, and will do its duty in following or bettering the example of its predecessors. The Alumni, both here and across the water, on the fields of France and Flanders, may rest assured that we will uphold the honor of their alma mater.

—Historian



THIRD CLASS



1920



THIRD CLASS



THIRD CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

EDWARD JEFFERIES *President*

JAMES C. LEECH *Vice-President*

JULIAN JORDAN *Historian*

ROLL

ADAMS, J. B., JR. Altavista, Va.
ADELSTEIN, K. M. Smithfield, Va.
ALLEN, A. T., JR. Columbia, S. C.
ALLEN, L. E., JR. Marlin, Tex.
ALVIS, R. Fishersville, Va.
ANDERSON, B. N. Norfolk, Va.
ARMSTRONG, H. Syracuse, N. Y.
ARRINGTON, W. A. Arrington, Va.
BACHARACH, B. Atlantic City, N. J.
BACKUS, J. H. Norfolk, Va.
BARKER, C. C. Axton, Va.
BARNES, R. E. Bluefield, W. Va.
BAUSERMAN, E. V. Woodstock, Va.
BENNERS, T. H. Birmingham, Ala.
BERRY, F. W. Luray, Va.
BLACK, W. M., JR. Washington, D. C.
BLETCHER, F. O. Winnipeg, Can.
BLY, M. C. Leesburg, Va.
BOWLES, J. C. Columbia, Va.
BROADDUS, F. C. El Paso, Tex.
BRYAN, B. M., JR. Alexandria, La.
BUNDY, R. J. Cleveland, Ohio
CALVERT, W. J., JR. Portsmouth, Va.
CAPLAN, J. Berkeley, Va.
CASEY, W. M. Lynchburg, Va.
CHAPMAN, F. J. Salem, Va.
CHUNG, DE SENN Oakland, Cal.
COMEGYS, E. F. Oklahoma City, Okla.
COLE, S. H. Norfolk, Va.
COX, E. Richmond, Va.
CRAIGHILL, D. H. Lynchburg, Va.
CRIST, G. W., JR. Montgomery, Ala.
CURRY, R. D. Osceola, Mo.
CUTCHINS, S. Richmond, Va.
DANCE, D. R. Corinth, Miss.
DANCE, P. R. Richmond, Va.
DAVIS, N. B. Palatka, Fla.
DAVIS, T. C. Pamplin, Va.
DERRYBERRY, M. E. Nashville, Tenn.
DE SHAZO, J. S. Houston, Va.
DOW, E. P. Grand Forks, N. D.
DRAPER, H. D. Santa Barbara, Cal.
DUDLEY, H. E. Danville, Va.
EVA, V. F. Duluth, Minn.
FAIRLAMB, W. F. Richmond, Va.
GAILLARD, C. C. Greenville, Tex.
GALLMAN, O. T., JR. Spartanburg, S. C.
GIBSON, H. D. Fredericksburg, Va.
GOODALL, Y. H. Birmingham, Ala.
GRAHAM, A. H. Harrisonburg, Va.
GREEN, F. K. Middleburg, Va.
GREGORY, J. X. Washington, D. C.
GROOVER, P. Quitman, Ga.
HAGAN, J. C., JR. Richmond, Va.

HAIRSTON, R. Reidsville, N. C.
HANCOCK, B. L. Lynchburg, Va.
HARDY, F. B. Blackstone, Va.
HARDY, G. W., JR. Shreveport, La.
HARDY, W. H., JR. Fort Worth, Tex.
HASKELL, J. C. Mineral, Va.
HAWKINS, H. B. Huntington, W. Va.
HEISIG, G. W. Beaumont, Tex.
HERRING, F. L. Moss Point, Miss.
HINTON, O. G. Petersburg, Va.
HOGE, C. E., JR. Frankfort, Ky.
HUGHES, C. E. Danville, Va.
JACKSON, M. C. Petersburg, Va.
JEFFERIES, E. S. New York, N. Y.
JONES, J. F. Maysville, Mo.
JONES, W. D., JR. Jacksonville, Fla.
JORDAN, J. C., JR. Danville, Va.
JOSEY, J. E., JR. Beaumont, Tex.
KELLOGG, K. L. Richmond, Va.
KERLIN, W. C. Roanoke, Va.
LAVENDER, W. D. Centerville, Ala.
LEECH, J. C. Lexington, Va.
LITZENBERGER, L. M. Middletown, Ind.
LOVELL, S. G. Baltimore, Md.
LUCK, C. S., JR. Ashland, Va.
LYONS, M. H. Mobile, Ala.
MALLORY, F. D., JR. Paris, Tex.
MANN, J. C. Greenwood, Miss.
MARSHALL, J. P. Simeon, Va.
MARSHALL, R. C., III Portsmouth, Va.
MASIA, J. Odessa, Russia
MERIWETHER, G., JR. Kansas City, Mo.
MILAM, C. A., JR. Glen Rose, Tex.
MILTON, W. H., JR. Wilmington, N. C.
MONROE, E. R., JR. Brookneal, Va.
MONTAGUE, F. L., JR. Richmond, Va.
MONTGOMERY, W., JR. Spartanburg, S. C.
MOORE, T. O. Newbern, N. C.
MUNNS, C. S. Detroit, Mich.
MUNSON, H. H. Richmond, Va.
MURPHY, P. B. B. Newnan, Ga.
MCKAGUE, B. C. Altoona, Pa.
MCCLELLAN, T. M., JR. Birmingham, Ala.
NEILL, W. MCD. Berryville, Va.
NEWELL, W. M. Stephens City, Va.
NICHOLSON, C. P. Norfolk, Va.
NORVELL, L., JR. Beaumont, Tex.
NUCKOLLS, J. T. Columbus, Ga.
NURNEY, J. W. Suffolk, Va.
OWENS, S. W. Richmond, Va.
PARKER, W. N. Richmond, Va.
PARKINSON, E. B. Warrenton, Va.
PARROTT, J. C. Roanoke, Va.
PAXTON, P. L. Buena Vista, Va.
PAXTON, W. C. Danville, Va.
PAYNE, H. P. M. Marietta, Ga.
POLK, I. H. Monrovia, Cal.
POTTS, J. D., JR. Richmond, Va.
POTTS, M. W., JR. Fort Worth, Tex.
PRICE, J. W., JR. Bristol, Va.
RHETT, A. M. Charleston, S. C.
RIPLEY, F. E., JR. Taylor, Tex.
ROBERTS, A. E. Lake Charles, La.
ROBERTS, L. S. Norfolk, Va.
ROBERTS, W. T. S. Lexington, Va.
ROCHE, H. S., JR. Millersburg, Ky.
ROSENBERGER, G. Winchester, Va.
SATTERFIELD, F. M. Keswick, Va.
SCOTT, R. C., JR. Richmond, Va.
SIRMAN, W. C. Port Norfolk, Va.
SLACK, T. A. Fort Worth, Tex.
SMITH, W. N. H. Raleigh, N. C.
STRAWN, B. L. Strawn, Tex.
SWAIN, L. N. Danville, Va.
SYDNOR, H. Norfolk, Va.
TAN, T. Oakland, Ga.
TAYLOR, J. H. Norfolk, Va.
TERRY, C. M. Richmond, Va.
TURMAN, S. B. Tampa, Fla.
TURNER, H. MCC. Zanoni, Va.
WALLACE, C. Fredericksburg, Va.
WALLIS, W. T., JR. Clarksburg, W. Va.
WATERS, W. S. Richmond, Va.
WATSON, A. J. Chincoteague, Va.
WHITFIELD, G. D. Newsoms, Va.
WILLIAMS, E. J. Jackson, Ga.
WILLIAMS, W. T. Independence, Mo.
WINSTON, W. A. Kinston, N. Y.
WOOLS, T. J., JR. Norfolk, Va.
WYLIE, R. H. Huntington, W. Va.
YANCEY, H. A. Waynesboro, Va.
YANCEY, J. C. Collins, Ga.

CLASS HISTORY (1920)

AND here we are, back again, after quite a joyful summer, but one which could not make us forget that longing which every "Keydet" has after his first furlough. A week or two, time enough to get a little extra "hay" and see the people at home, was all that passed before we were ready to come back and lay aside our "cits" to don the old uniform again.

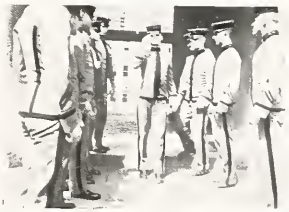
The first few days of September brought back seventy-five of our Class—which at Finals was one hundred and twenty strong—forty-five men, many of whom entered the service, not returning. With an addition of fifteen men, the Class of Nineteen-Twenty started its career as Third Classmen, to govern itself, and take care of the "homeless Rats."

The first class meeting brought up the election of officers. Barnes was re-elected president, and Polk chosen vice-president. A few days later the order came out filling the vacancies left by Corporals who did not return, and increasing the number from thirty-six to forty-four. This left only about twenty-five privates, who are proud of their clean sleeves, and are in a society among themselves. An Alumnus, looking around barracks one day, asked, "Are all the Third Classmen Corporals?"

A month or so passed, and nine of our Class left to enter the Aviation Corps, or another branch of the service; and among them were Barnes and Polk. No men have been loved more by their Class than these two men; and here's hoping they will be as successful in their service to their country as they were in that to their Class. This necessitated the election of new officers. Jeffries was chosen president, and Leech, vice-president; and under these two men 'Twenty will certainly come out on top.

Mid-year exams. followed soon, and caused us e loss of quite a few men; but we are hoping to see them all next year.







In athletics, 'Twenty did its part, giving Leech, Gibson, and Bryan, all of whom were awarded monograms in football. Polk, Cutchins, Marshall, J., Lovell, and Robinson are promising material for next year.

Basket-ball season came next, and Leech and Bacharach received monograms, while Gibson showed up well.

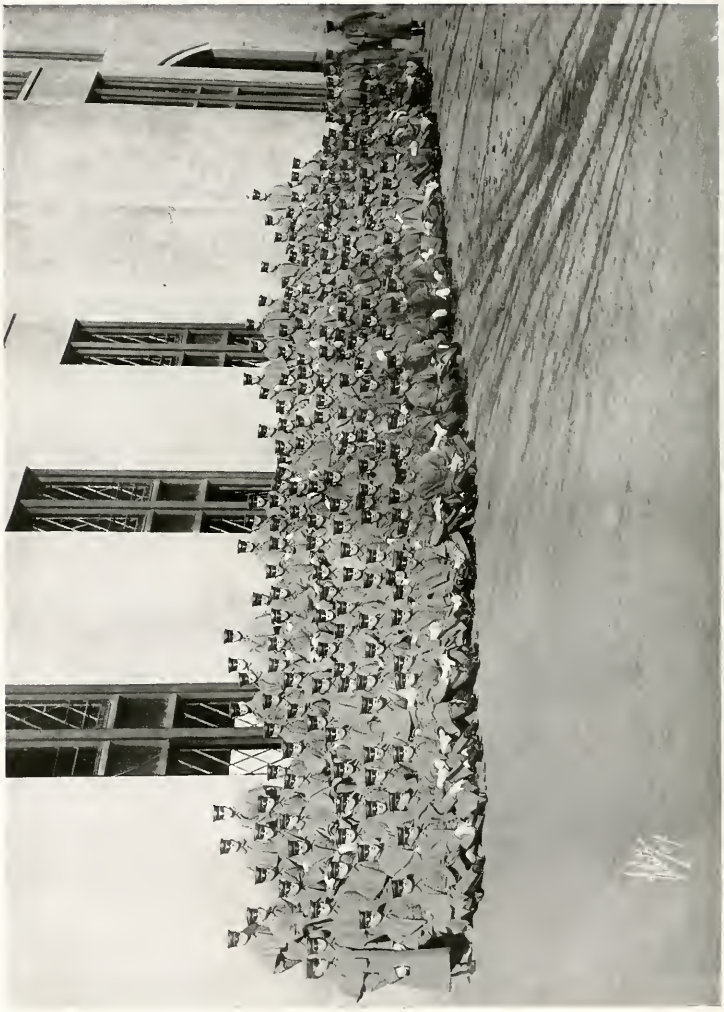
In baseball, Cutchins, Finley, and Polk made monograms, while Le Master, Fairlamb, Berry, and Seeley are future prospects.

Some say a "Keydet" doesn't have the real "V. M. I. Spirit" until he has passed his "Rat" year; but with the Class of Nineteen-Twenty the spirit began in the first year, and has grown stronger every day. The Class is bound by a spirit of love for every man in it, and altho some may not return next year, this spirit will still hold them together.

—Historian




FOURTH CLASS
1921
T.F. MORTON. '19



FOURTH CLASS



FOURTH CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

R. McPATE.....*President*
R. R. DICKSON.....*Vice-President*
H. W. CLARKSON.....*Historian*

ROLL

ADDISON, G. D.....Richmond, Va.
ADKINS, H. T.....Danville, Va.
ALT, G. T.....University, Va.
ANCKER, W. M.....Baltimore, Md.
ARRINGTON, R. T.....Richmond, Va.
ASHLEY, J. H.....McKinney, Tex.
AYRES, J. C.....Accomac C. H., Va.
BAILEY, N. H.....Griffin, Ga.
BALLOU, J. W.....Oxford, N. C.
BARBOUR, L. W.....Wellington, Kan.
BARRETT, F. M.....Newport News, Va.
BARROW, F. P., JR.....Port Norfolk, Va.
BATES, J. O.....Denton, Tex.
BATTLE, B. L.....St. Louis, Mo.
BEASLEY, J. W., JR.....Roanoke, Va.
BEAVERS, J. M.....Washington, D. C.
BEMIS, J. R.....Prescott, Ark.
BERRY, M. K.....Vernon, Tex.
BLACKWELL, P. A.....Henderson, Ky.
BLAIR, J. H.....Indianapolis, Ind.
BOATWRIGHT, J. L.....Portsmouth, Va.
BOLLING, R. W.....Roanoke, Va.
BOND, A. J.....Richmond, Va.
BONSAL, H. P.....Baltimore, Md.
BOOKER, H. R., JR.....Hampton, Va.
BOSWORTH, J. C.....Brownsburg, Va.
BOULDIN, T. V.....Greensboro, N. C.
BOWIE, F.....White Post, Va.
BOWMAN, C. W., JR.....Brownsville, Pa.
BOWMAN, DEW. C.....Fredericksburg, Va.
BRIGGS, R. C.....Taylor, Tex.
BRITTLE, P. N.....Warrenton, Va.
BROCKENBROUGH, A., JR.....Richmond, Va.
BROWN, H. C.....Birmingham, Ala.
BRUNER, F. D. P.....Roanoke, Va.
BRYAN, C. J.....Goldsboro, N. C.
BUCH, R.....Powell, Wyo.
BULLINGTON, R. McC., JR.....Bon Air, Va.
BUTLER, C. N.....Philadelphia, Pa.
CALHOUN, W. H., III.....Krica P. O., Va.
CAMPBELL, T. P.....Morristown, Tenn.
CANNON, E. R., JR.....Charlotte, N. C.
CARR, T. A.....Clarksdale, Miss.
CARTER, A. B., JR.....Richmond, Va.
CARROLL, J. E., JR.....Beaumont, Tex.
CASEY, J. F.....Lynchburg, Va.
CASWELL, W. D.....Cleveland, Ohio
CATES, McF. L.....Spartanburg, S. C.
CHRISTIAN, H. T.....Lynchburg, Va.
CLARK, A.....Greenville, Tex.
CLARK, N. K.....Savannah, Ga.
CLARK, T. C.....Dallas, Tex.
CLARKE, A. W.....Newport News, Va.
CLARKSON, H. W.....Chicago, Ill.
CLARY, H. E.....Greensboro, N. C.
CLAY, H.....Americus, Ga.
COLEMAN, M. R.....Ardmore, Okla.
CONNALLY, M. H.....Jacksonville, Fla.
CORDES, V. A.....Memphis, Tenn.
COSBY, G. H., JR.....Lynchburg, Va.

COTTON, R. P.....Columbus, Ga.
CRAIG, J. E.....Deerfield, Va.
CRAIG, J. H.....Columbus, Tex.
CRANE, J. R.....Athens, Ga.
CRESWELL, C. F.....Neilsville, Wis.
CROCKETT, J. F.....Dublin, Va.
CUMMING, H. S., JR.....Washington, D. C.
CURTIS, L. E.....Lee Hall, Va.
DAVIDSON, R. P.....Washington, D. C.
DAVIS, J. K.....Philadelphia, Pa.
DAVIS, W. T.....Madison, Fla.
DEARING, A.W.....Shenandoah Junc., W. Va.
DE BARDELEBEN, D.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
DEITRICK, W. W.....Washington, D. C.
DICKERSON, H. W.....Richmond, Va.
DICKSON, R. R.....Organ Cave, W. Va.
DRENNAN, A. T.....Birmingham, Ala.
DUFF, R. G.....Saginaw, Mich.
DUNSETH, J. H.....Dennison, Tex.
ECHOLS, R.....Glasgow, Va.
EDWARDS, P. H.....Fort Worth, Tex.
ELLIOTT, R. F.....Edenton, N. C.
ELLIS, R. R., JR.....New Orleans, La.
EMBREY, A. W.....Fredericksburg, Va.
EMMERSON, A.....Portsmouth, Va.
ENOCHS, P. H., JR.....Fernwood, Miss.
ESTES, J. S.....Danville, Va.
EVANS, T. B.....Church View, Va.
EVERETT, L. B.....McKinney, Tex.
FAIN, J. C.....Oklahoma City, Ok'a.
FEREBEE, G. B., JR.....Norfolk, Va.
FLETCHER, E. L.....Accomac C. H., Va.
FORD, W. K.....Clifton Forge, Va.
FOWLER, E. H.....Philadelphia, Pa.
FRASER, M. W.....Johnstown, N. Y.
FREEMAN, E. W., JR.....Pine Bluff, Ark.
FRENCH, W. G.....Lockhart, Tex.
FULLER, W. A.....Danville, Va.
FULTON, J. McF.....Birmingham, Ala.
FULTON, W. M.....Kewanee, Ill.
GARRY, E. H.....Manawa, Wis.
GIBSON, M. L.....Fredericksburg, Va.
GILBERT, C. B.....Donner, La.
GLEAVES, C. B.....Roanoke, Va.
GLENN, W. R.....Asheville, N. C.
GLOVER, J. M.....Richmond, Va.
GOLDSMITH, H. C.....Newark, N. J.
GOODWYN, R. T., JR.....Montgomery, Ala.
GREATHEAD, R. N., JR.....Norfolk, Va.
GREENE, J. F.....Washington, D. C.
GRIDLEY, W. G.....Kirksville, N. Y.
HAGNER, T. W. S.....Hagerstown, Md.
HAMILTON, F. T.....Anniston, Ala.
HARMAN, A. W.....Richmond, Va.
HARPER, J. B.....Nathalie, Va.
HARRIS, R. B.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
HARTLEY, K.....Fairmont, W. Va.
HARWOOD, F. E.....Trenton, Tenn.
HATCHER, S. P.....Ashland, Va.
HAWKINS, S. A.....Charleston, W. Va.
HENSHAW, F. R.....Indianapolis, Ind.
HICKS, W. H.....Talladega, Ala.
HILL, J. M.....Fort Worth, Tex.
HIRSCH, C.....St. Louis, Mo.
HODGES, A. F., JR.....Andersonville, Ga.
HOLCOMB, C. E.....Redford, Mich.
HOOD, C. R.....Hood's P. O., Miss.
HOPKINS, A. F.....Tasley, Va.
HORNE, G. D.....Rocky Mount, N. C.
HOWARD, G. A.....Washington, D. C.
INGRAM, D. T.....Richmond, Va.
IREYS, H. T.....Frankfort, Ky.
JANES, B. C.....Beaumont, Tex.
JOHNSON, F. M.....Bluefield, W. Va.
JOHNSTON, H. S.....Fredericksburg, Va.
JOHNSTON, W. B.....Bluefield, W. Va.
JONES, C. W.....Norfolk, Va.
JONES, J. H.....Elberton, Ga.
JONES, J. W., JR.....Martinsville, Va.
JONES, W. F., JR.....Washington, D. C.
JORDAN, J. H.....Kansas City, Mo.
KANE, F. C.....Youngstown, Ohio
KELLAM, H. S.....Princess Anne, Va.
KELLAM, L. A.....Albuquerque, N. M.
KENNEDY, W. T.....Knoxville, Tenn.
KENNON, A. R.....Mineral, Va.
KIMBERLEY, H. H., JR.....Hampton, Va.
KING, W. M.....Fredericksburg, Va.
KIRWAN, J. McG.....Baltimore, Md.
KLAPP, E. M. K.....Philadelphia, Pa.
KNAPP, J. W., JR.....Richmond, Va.
KYLE, W. W.....Beaumont, Tex.

LACY, C. A., JR.....Memphis, Tenn.
LAINE, E. R., JR.....Windsor, Va.
LAND, H. C.....Blackstone, Va.
LANE, L. J.....Macon, Ga.
LAREW, R. F., JR.....Staunton, Va.
LEE, B. P., JR.....Los Angeles, Cal.
LEE, H. D.....Elkins, W. Va.
LINTHICUM, T. C.....Deming, N. M.
LITTON, W. B.....Dryden, Va.
LOCKEY, W. H.....Chipley, Fla.
LOTH, F. R.....Waynesboro, Va.
LOVE, D. B.....Lexington, Mass.
MANN, J. H. C.....Petersburg, Va.
MANTOR, L.....Taylor, Tex.
MARSHALL, S. A., JR.....Jacksonville, Fla.
MASON, S. A.....Hampton, Va.
MASURY, A. J. M.....Virginia Beach, Va.
MAXWELL, R. O.....Norfolk, Va.
MEECH, R. W.....Norfolk, Va.
MEECH, S. M.....Norfolk, Va.
MENDEL, E. J.....Hot Springs, Ark.
MERSON, D.....Portsmouth, Va.
MILLAR, W. T.....Lynchburg, Va.
MILLNER, H. V.....Lynchburg, Va.
MONROE, D. D.....Houston, Tex.
MONROE, W. D., JR.....Washington, D. C.
MONTGOMERY, Z. D.....Frankfort, Ky.
MOORE, B. T.....Tazewell, Va.
MOORE, J. P.....Birmingham, Ala.
MOORE, J. W.....Austin, Tex.
MOORE, L. A.....Grand Forks, N. D.
MORGAN, B. F., JR.....Norfolk, Va.
MORGAN, R. E., JR.....Chattanooga, Tenn.
MUNDAY, W. A.....Kansas City, Mo.
MURRELL, G. M.....Bayou Goula, La.
MURRILL, R. S.....Charlotte, N. C.
MCCADDON, S. G.....Mount Vernon, N. Y.
MCCORD, W. J.....Kansas City, Mo.
MCCUISTION, H. P.....Paris, Tex.
MCCULLOCH, R. R.....Washington, D. C.
MCDAVID, C. J.....Birmingham, Ala.
MCDAVID, F. R., JR.....Birmingham, Ala.
MCDONOUGH, J. A.....Richmond, Va.
MCKELLAR, G.....Forney, Tex.
MCMILLAN, M. H.....Bristow, Okla.
NAILL, J. DUB.....Biscoe, Ark.
NOELL, J. R.....East Radford, Va.
ORME, A. J., JR.....Atlanta, Ga.
OVERBEY, D. A., JR.....Danville, Va.
OWSLEY, H.....Denton, Tex.
PARKER, J. W.....Yazoo City, Miss.
PARKER, M. M.....Virginia Beach, Va.
PARSONS, S. O.....Kansas City, Mo.
PATE, R. MCC.....Norfolk, Va.
PATTON, J. G.....Newport News, Va.
PATTON, W. R.....Darlington, S. C.
PATTON, W. Y.....Gainesville, Fla.
PAYNE, F. N.....Harrisburg, Pa.
PAYNE, J. B., JR.....New Orleans, La.
PENDLETON, J. H., JR.....Lexington, Va.
PENDLETON, N. W.....Wytheville, Va.
PENN, W. R. T.....Danville, Va.
PENNYBACKER, J. E.....Washington, D. C.
PHILLIPS, J. B.....Paducah, Ky.
POLK, E. W.....Little Rock, Ark.
POWELL, G. V.....Danville, Va.
PRESTON, S. H.....Tazewell, Va.
PRICE, W. J., III.....Centerville, Md.
PULLER, L. B.....West Point, Va.
RATHBUD, G. R.....Allentown, Pa.
RECKER, M. R.....Indianapolis, Ind.
REESE, C. B.....Richmond, Va.
REID, J. K.....The Plains, Va.
REIFF, R. V.....New Cumberland, Pa.
RIBBLE, J. M.....Petersburg, Va.
RICHARDSON, J. E.....Muskogee, Okla.
RIDDLE, C. M., JR.....Danville, Va.
ROBERTSON, J. J., JR.....Cumberland, Va.
ROBINSON, J. K. E.....Lexington, Va.
ROBINSON, S. L.....Philadelphia, Pa.
ROGERS, J. T.....Nassawadox, Va.
ROGERS, R. G.....Abingdon, Va.
RUSSELL, J. C.....Beaumont, Tex.
RUSSELL, E. R.....Asheville, N. C.
RUSSELL, S.....New York, N. Y.
RUTLEDGE, B. H., JR.....Charleston, S. C.
ST. CLAIR, C. T., JR.....Bluefield, W. Va.
SAUER, C. F., JR.....Richmond, Va.
SCOTT, G. P.....Kansas City, Mo.
SCOTT, W. W.....Muskogee, Okla.
SEBRING, E. E.....Willoughby, Ohio
SEDWICK, J. H.....Albany, Tex.

Semans, J. T.	Uniontown, Pa.
Seward, L. C.	Petersburg, Va.
Simmons, J. C.	Picayune, Miss.
Skinner, C. W., Jr.	Waynesboro, Ga.
Smith, B. H.	Bil'ings, Mont.
Smith, E. A., Jr.	Rhodhiss, N. C.
Smith, J. A.	New Orleans, La.
Smith, J. T.	Longview, Tex.
Smith, M. G.	Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, T. W.	Birmingham, Ala.
Smith, W. D., Jr.	Birmingham, Ala.
Stagg, J. E.	Durham, N. C.
Starke, H. M., Jr.	Richmond, Va.
Stokes, T. A.	Durham, N. C.
Stokes, W. M., Jr.	Lynchburg, Va.
Strother, H. S.	Culpeper, Va.
Stroud, W. S.	Greenwood, M'ss.
Summers, F. L.	Alexandria, Va.
Swift, C. G.	West View, Va.
Syme, S.	Washington, D. C.
Tate, W. C.	Danville, Va.
Taylor, R. W., Jr.	Morehead City, N. C.
Terry, R. W.	Wytheville, Va.
Thompson, R. C.	Huntington, W. Va.
Tichenor, H. McD.	Monroe, Ga.
Tilley, G. S.	South Norfolk, Va.
Tuck, G. O., Jr.	Louisville, Ky.
Turley, J. C.	Bluefield, W. Va.
Tyler, H. G., Jr.	Norfolk, Va.
Van Syckel, R. E., Jr.	Troy, Pa.
Von Schilling, F., Jr.	Hampton, Va.
Vowell, J. C.	El Paso, Tex.
Wales, T. S.	Norfolk, Va.
Walley, E. Y.	Bonham, Tex.
Wallihan, L. E.	Front Royal, Va.
Washington, S. W.	Charles Town, W. Va.
Waters, W. E.	Louisville, Ky.
Weaver, R. C.	Port Norfolk, Va.
Webb, W.	Oxford, N. C.
Weisel, S. R.	Norfolk, Va.
Welder, F. A.	Victoria, Tex.
Welton, R. H. B.	Norfolk, Va.
Wenger, R. A.	Waynesboro, Va.
Wessels, S. A.	Greenbush, Va.
Wieser, P. H.	Hico, Tex.
Wilkinson, R. E.	Galax, Va.
Williamson, A. G.	Dallas, Tex.
Wilson, S. B., Jr.	Memphis, Tenn.
Wilson, W. Y.	Memphis, Tenn.
Winfree, R. N.	Lynchburg, Va.
Yokum, H. B.	Beverly, W. Va.
Young, W. T., Jr.	Corinth, Miss.



HISTORY—CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

Half a step, half a step, half a step onward,
Into their desolate rooms, drove the three hundred.
"Stand up!" was the Corporals' cry: "You're not to answer why;
You're not to make reply; you're but to drill and try!"
Into their desolate rooms drove the three hundred.

TALL Rats! Small Rats! Lean Rats! Fat Rats! to the pipings of the Pied Piper of Lexington, danced thru the historic Limit Gates into oblivion.

DRILLS—I know you've heard it, but did you ever try any of it? They were neither few nor far between, and there was no rest for the weary. After a week devoted entirely to military work, as if to "add insult to injury," the academic duties commenced. The combination of the two occupied the greatest part of the time. Two weeks later the monotony was greatly relieved by the Opening Hops. There were the usual abundance of keen Calic, and it was evident that even the hearts of the newly cadets were not impregnable.

In football, the Rat Class was we'l represented. Dickson, Smith, T., Mantor, Summers, and Bryan played a consistent game, and as a reward, received the coveted monogram. Others were reliable substitutes, and are most favorable prospects for next season's team.



SNOW FIGHT

Among the most promising are Vowell, Coleman, Ingram, Bailey, and Bemis. In our game against Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Dickson and Smith starred, and every Rat, both on the field and in the grandstand, fought with typical V. M. I. Spirit.

The next important event was the Snow Fight. The Rats of "A," "B," and "C" Companies were matched against those of "D," "E," and "F." Both sides resorted to open warfare, altho some tried to dig themselves in—rather than be "dug in."

Probably the most-wished-for day in the hearts of every Rat, other than Finals, is Christmas; and the past one came up to all expectations. It was this day that they first enjoyed the much expected privilege of being "Old Cadets." Some took trips to nearby towns; while others went hunting. The majority, however, remained in the immediate vicinity of barracks, to take advantage of the freedom of the day. As is the inevitable, "Time and tide wait for no man," and on the following morning, at the first note of "Rev." the Rats were "Fiming out" as usual. Everything that happened on the preceding day now seemed like a dream.

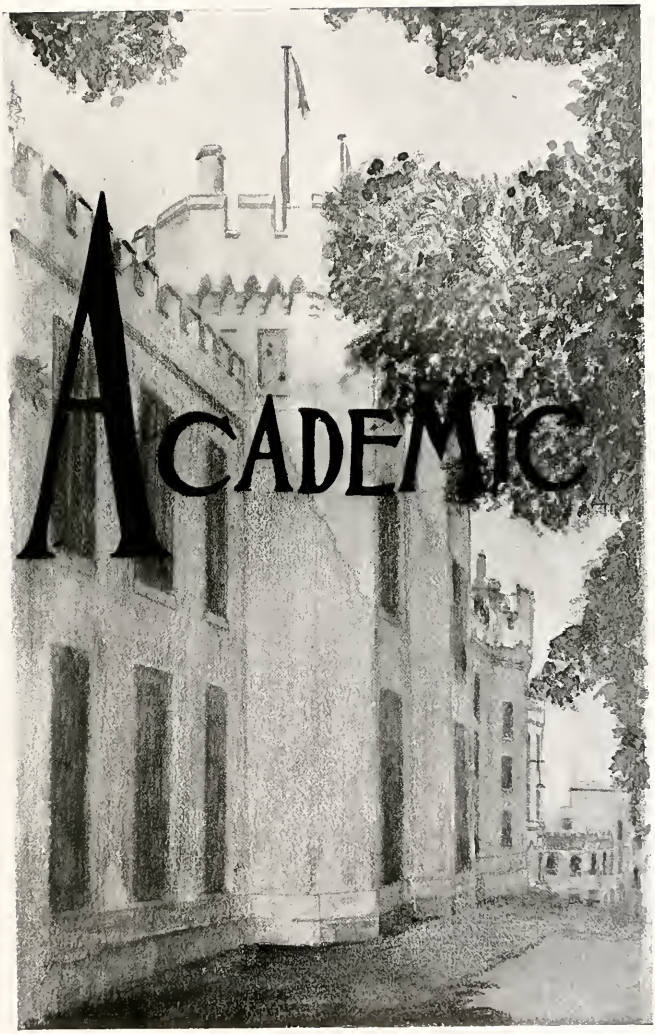
Basket-Ball practice commenced soon after Christmas, and many members of 'Twenty-One tried out for the team. Lee and Recker have been playing a steady game on the Varsity, while Ferebee and Henshaw played a good, scrappy game on the Scrubs. About the same time, track practice indoors began, and a large number turned out for training.

Class officers were chosen about the first of the year, with much enthusiasm; and to be sure the ones elected can not be beat. Pate was made President, and Dickson was elected Vice-President. With these two men at its head, the Class of Nineteen-Twenty-One is bound to be a winner.

—Historian



RAT LINE


ACADEMIC



COLONEL HUNLEY



ENGINEERING SECTION ROOM



CIVIL ENGINEERING

Col. T. A. Jones, B.S. *Professor*

Lieut.-Col. R. B. Poague, B.S. *Associate Professor*

Capt. H. P. Boykin, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

Capt. J. T. Hamlin, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

A. E. Colburn
D. C. Curtis
A. D. Edwards
A. R. Gatewood
J. L. Guest
L. A. Harrison
S. S. Herman
H. T. Hicks
R. P. James
F. C. Jeffries
R. A. Marr
H. N. Michie
C. B. Miller
B. J. Newburger
M. E. Reilley
B. W. Semmes
R. S. Towers
H. B. Truslow
J. H. Ware
R. G. West



COLONEL MALLORY



ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Col. Francis Mallory, C.E. *Professor*

Capt. H. B. Gardner, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

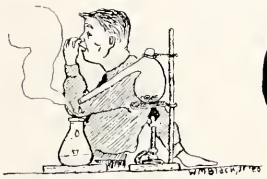
Capt. W. W. Cosby, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

Capt. S. Y. McGiffert, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

F. V. Armstead
R. G. Bellezza
A. H. Blair
J. F. Church
J. Echols
J. G. Gamble
S. H. Huntt
E. B. Lamb
H. Metcalfe
J. W. McCauley
R. McC. Peeler



COLONEL PENDLETON



CHEMISTRY

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

Col. Hunter Pendleton, M.A. Ph.D. *Professor*
Col. N. B. Tucker, C.E., B.S. *Professor*
Capt. J. A. Dillard *Assistant Professor*
Capt. W. R. Goodwin, B.S. *Assistant Professor*

P. S. Butler
J. I. Culver
J. N. Gillett
J. Jenkins
F. B. Jones
J. W. Keith
R. G. Kyle
P. J. Marshall
J. M. Mettenheimer
R. G. Robertson
W. J. Van Dyke


The New Postm
Vers libre

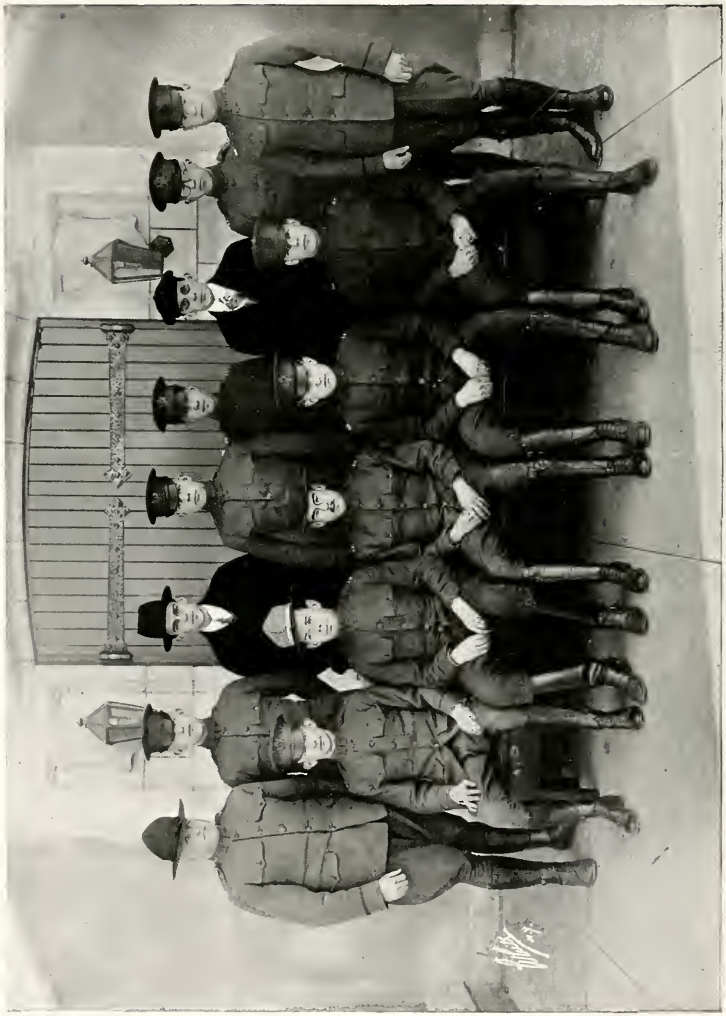


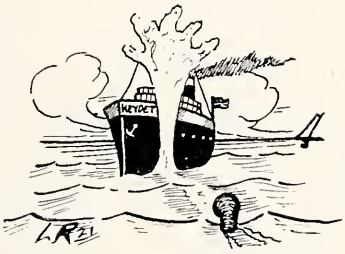
"SNAPPYOLOGY"

LIBERAL ARTS

COL. H. C. FORD, B.S., PH.D.	*Professor*
COL. R. T. KERLIN, M.A., PH.D.	*Professor*
COL. W. M. HUNLEY, B.A.	*Professor*
CAPT. H. M. READ, B.A.	*Assistant Professor*
CAPT. J. R. PENDER, B.A.	*Assistant Professor*
CAPT. W. B. LEGGETT, B.S.	*Assistant Professor*
CAPT. W. E. DURHAM, B.A.	*Assistant Professor*

C. C. CANTRELL
T. A. CARY
F. H. FOY
G. W. HUGHES
E. R. LAFFERTY
W. R. METCALFE
A. W. PARKER
R. M. PATTERSON
C. W. PEEBLES
S. B. WITT





SUBS!

Capt. H. P. Boykin, B.S., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Drawing, and Tactics*

‡Capt. Francis Bell, Jr., B.A., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics*

Capt. Hernando M. Read, B.A.
Assistant Professor of English, Latin, Military Science, and Tactics

Capt. Earl C. Abell, B.S., *Assistant Professor of German, and Athletic Director*

Capt. Charles B. Coulbourn, B.S., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics*

Capt. J. A. Broadus Dillard, B.S., *Assistant Professor of English, Chemistry, and Tactics*

Capt. Walter W. Cosby, B.S., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Physics*

Capt. William B. Lewis, Jr., B.S.
Assistant Professor of German, Military Science, and Tactics

Capt. Weir R. Goodwin, B.S.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Tactics

Capt. John R. Pender, Jr., B.S., *Assistant Professor of English, Military Science, and Tactics*

Capt. James T. Hamlin, B.S.
Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering, Mathematics, and Tactics

§Capt. Stephen Y. McGiffert, B.S.
Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering, Physics, and Tactics

Capt. William B. Leggett, B.S.
Assistant Professor of History and Tactics, and Gymnasium Instructor

Capt. Hartley B. Gardner, B.S., *Assistant Professor of Physics and Electrical Engineering*

Capt. Walter E. Durham, B.A., *Assistant Professor of English and German*

Mr. George L. Barton
Instructor in Latin

Mr. James C. Sansberry, B.S.
Instructor in Physics

*Capt. B. Drummond Ayres, B.S.

*Capt Marshall G. Munce, B.A.

†Capt. Shirley W. Noell, B.A., *Assistant Professor of Military Science and Tactics*

* Assigned to duty at John Marshall High School, Richmond, Va.
† Assigned to duty at Woodberry Forest School, Woodberry Forest, Va.
‡ Resigned, October 31, 1917. § Resigned, November 30, 1917.



SUMMER SCHOOL

T.F.MORTON '19

Alleghany Inn
Goshen, Va.

DEAR AL.:—Excuse me for not riting you long ago but; You know me Al; and you know i dont let nobody run a bull on me, much less a bunch of flussy city fellows too dumb to know anything but Titanicing cigarettes and shooting pool. Honest, Al i ben so busy keeping those damn "dumb of the Institute" (Whatever that means) from using the pool table all the time i just ain't had time to push a Pen. Well, al, I'll make a long story short now they gone and i cant think at Them without getting Blue in the face. So lay on.

you know i rote you that we were going to be the headquarters for some sort of a V. M. i summer school. Well it sounded mighty nice but i didnt know the half o' it. The first to come was a little old wizened fellar with a cigaret stump hangin like a pacifier out of his mouth and a bundle of golf sticks over his shoulder and his hair mussed up like a Circassian. He cum stomping in grumbling to himself somethin about the hill being so steep it made a 75 per sent grade look like a billiard table. so far so good, but wait a minute Al. That night six or seven of the loudest mouthed in-di-vid-ua-ls came trooping up yelling "my what a hole" and running from one to anuther asking "Is gladys Inn" This was their Cue to laugh and believe me, Al they did it loud and long. although i aint seen the joke yit.

The next morning more of the same brand arrived only they carried hevvy suitcases that clinked like sleighbells and seemed happy as a little boy at his fust circus, that is all Except one they called "Dumbo" he must have been train s'c for he had the hic ups and was real unsteady about his feat. The others were awful solicitous about him.



THE 1918 BOMB



Al i knowed something was dew to happen. It did. They went into the dinning room and of all manners they won. after ordering the intire bill of fair they would saunter out to smoke a cigarette then they would stampede back seeze the menu and check up on the waiter. If anything was missing they rase a row that would make teddy Rosevelt look like an ameture. The grabbing party then began and it didn't stop until the food run out. It soon got so bad that we had to give them a special dining room. that was a bad move they cut the guy ropes and throwed bread and curses as reckless as Brewster wid his millions and you couldn't come within a radus of fifty foot without being bombarded worse than the cathedral at Remes. In the swimmin pool they was worse if possible. they would grab anybody's suit, cus if it was wet; hang a hankerchef over the sign about diving offen





the top and cut loose. if there was anything aginst the rules they failed to do I didnt saw it and neither did they. After wetting all the spectators they would duck me til i promised to play enuff oncores to keep them up until twelve oclock.

at night instead of studying they danced and the ones not dancing would get around the piano and talk a lot of gibberish about "lafferty Botching the Affair up" Anchor the titanic" or ask a fellow they called cicles dodo "where is your wandering jewelry tonight." Al i ask you was there any sents to that?

Well Al its a long road that don't stop so they left, Thank God!

Always your brother

SOKIE




MIL ARY



COLONEL DERBYSHIRE



TACTICAL OFFICERS



TACTICAL OFFICERS

T.F. Marton '19.

Col. George A. Derbyshire, Lieutenant United States Army, Retired
Professor of Military Science and Tactics

Major Charles Blake, Canadian Expeditionary Force
Instructor in Trench Warfare

Major Walter Miller, Canadian Expeditionary Force
Instructor in Trench Warfare

Major B. D. Mayor
Instructor in Military Topography and Field Engineering

Capt. H. P. Boykin
Range Instructor, Tactical Officer Company "C"

Capt. H. M. Read
Assistant to Commandant, Instructor in Bayonet Fighting, Tactical Officer Company "B"

Capt. W. B. Lewis
Instructor in Artillery, Tactical Officer Company "A"

Capt. W. B. Leggett
Instructor in Military Calisthenics, Tactical Officer Company "F"

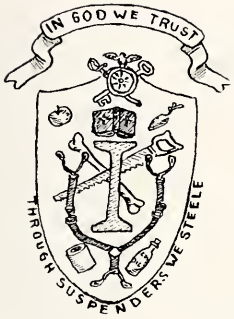
Capt. W. R. Goodwin
Instructor in Signaling, Tactical Officer Company "E"

Capt. J. R. Pender
Instructor in Signaling

Capt. J. T. Hamlin
Instructor in Gallery Practice, Tactical Officer Company "D"



MILITARY STAFF



MILITARY STAFF

MAJOR J. W. McCLUNG
Treasurer

MAJOR ERNEST A. SALE
Quartermaster and Commissary, and Military Storekeeper

MAJOR REUBEN F. DAVIS
Surgeon

CAPT. CHARLES B. COULBOURN
Adjutant

CAPT. LEWIS E. STEELE
Assistant Military Storekeeper

✣

OTHER OFFICERS

LIEUT.-COL. JOSEPH R. ANDERSON
Historiographer

MISS NELLIE TRACY GIBBS
Librarian

CAPT. WALTER E. DURHAM
Secretary Young Men's Christian Association



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

P. J. Marshall *Captain Company "A"*

S. B. Witt *Captain Company "B"*

H. B. Truslow *Captain Company "F"*

S. S. Herman *Captain Company "E"*

J. M. Mettenheimer *Captain Company "C"*

A. H. Blair *Captain Company "D"*

E. R. Lafferty, Jr. *First Lieutenant and Adjutant*

C. C. Cantrell *First Lieutenant Company "A"*

C. T. Hawkins *First Lieutenant Company "B"*

G. M. Kyle *First Lieutenant Company "D"*

J. H. Ware *First Lieutenant Company "C"*

C. B. Miller *First Lieutenant Company "E"*

D. C. Curtis *First Lieutenant Company "F"*

N. D. Gillett *Second Lieutenant Company "D"*

S. H. Huntt *Second Lieutenant Company "B"*

R. G. Bellezza *Second Lieutenant Company "F"*

R. P. James *Second Lieutenant Company "C"*

W. J. Van Dyke *Second Lieutenant Company "A"*

L. A. Harrison *Second Lieutenant Company "E"*



Miss Hattie Wilson
Virginia
Sponsar for The Staff

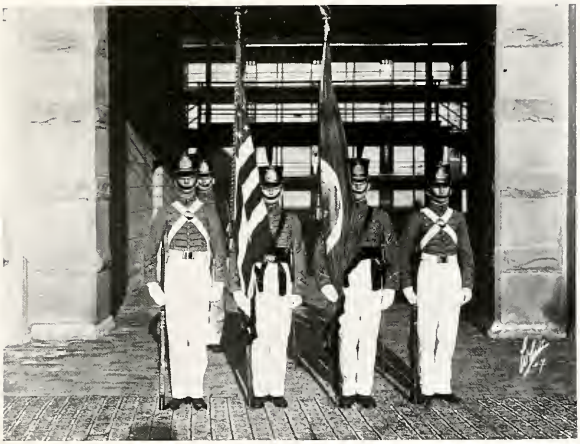
STAFF



E. R. Lafferty, Jr.
First Lieutenant and Adjutant



J. A. Moncure
Sergeant-Major



THE COLORS

BATTALION STAFF

E. R. Lafferty, Jr. *First Lieutenant and Adjutant*
J. A. Moncure *Sergeant-Major*
T. O. Bancroft *Color Sergeant*
B. Gary *Color Sergeant*
F. H. Foy *Color Guard*
A. E. Colburn *Color Guard*



Miss Nita Pike
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "A"

COMPANY "A"



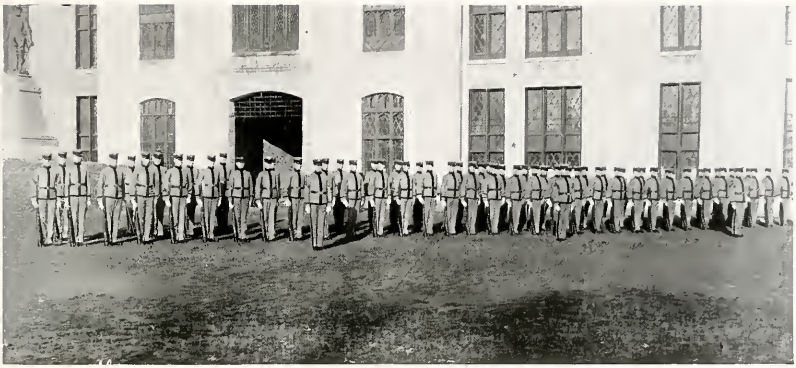
C. C. Cantrell
First Lieutenant



P. J. Marshall
Captain



W. J. Van Dyke
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "A"

Captain
P. J. Marshall

First Lieutenant
C. C. Cantrell

Second Lieutenant
W. J. Van Dyke

First Sergeant
Martin, F. K.

Sergeants
Addison, W. Gill Thomas, R.
Van Wagner Hurt

Corporals
Polk, I. Bacharach Benners
Casey, W. Winston Marshall, J.
Hagan Haskell Slack
Fairlamb

Privates

Barrett, M.
Barrett, S.
Berry, K.
Blair, J.
Bouldin
Bowie
Brittle
Broaddus
Clark, T.
Clary
Clay
Connally
Conway
Culver
Curry
DeShazo
DeBardeleben
Dickerson
Everett
Fain
Fuller
Gilbert
Graham
Greathead
Hagner
Hawkins, S.
Henderson
Henshaw
Johnson, W.
Jeffries, F.
Jenkins
Keith
Kennedy
Kimberly
Lane, L.
Lewis
Lee, B.
Litzenberger
Love
Masury
Moore, J. P.
Monroe, W.
Nicholson
Pate
Payne, F.
Pendleton, N.
Potts, T.
Quigley
Rosenberger
Sauer
Skinner
Smith, H.
Smith, J.
Smith, T.
Strawn
Stroud
Swift
Syme
Terry, C.
Tyler
Vowell
Waters, E.
Wylie



Miss Elizabeth Witt
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "B"

COMPANY "B"



C. T. Hawkins
First Lieutenant



S. B. Witt
Captain



S. H. Huntt
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "B"

Captain
S. B. Witt

First Lieutenant
C. T. Hawkins

Second Lieutenant
S. H. Huntt

First Sergeant
H. L. Roberdeau

Sergeants

Moore, W. B.
Sale

Wilkinson, W.

Jones, C. A.
Mertz

Corporals

Norvell, L.
Leech

Jordan, J.
Cutchins

Potts, J.
Luck

Bowles
Green

Lyons

Privates

Allen, A.
Armistead
Bailey
Barker
Barrow
Bates
Bemis
Blackwell
Bolling
Bond, R.
Brockenbourough
Cary
Calhoun
Clarke, N.
Clarke, W.
Cordes
Crist
Dew
Dickson, R.
Echols, J.
Embrey
Emmerson, A.
Goodwyn
Harman
Harper, J.
Harwood
Hicks, T.
Hirsch
Ingram
Johnston, E.
Jones, C. W.
Litton
Mann, J.
Marr
Mason
Merson
Millar
Monroe, E.
Montague
Moore, J. W.
McCuistan
McDavid, E.
Parker, M.
Parker, W.
Parsons, A.
Peebles
Pennybacker
Polk, E.
Powell
Preston
Price, W.
Puller
Robinson, J.
Reiff
Seward
Smith, D.
Smith, E.
Smith, B.
Starke
Taylor, R.
Towers
Weaver
Wilkinson, R.
Williams, E.



MISS MARY S. METTENHEIMER
Texas
Sponsor for Company "C"

COMPANY "C"



J. H. WARE
First Lieutenant



J. M. METTENHEIMER
Captain



R. P. JAMES
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "C"

Captain
J. M. METTENHEIMER

First Lieutenant
J. H. WARE

Second Lieutenant
R. P. JAMES

First Sergeant
WILLS

Sergeants

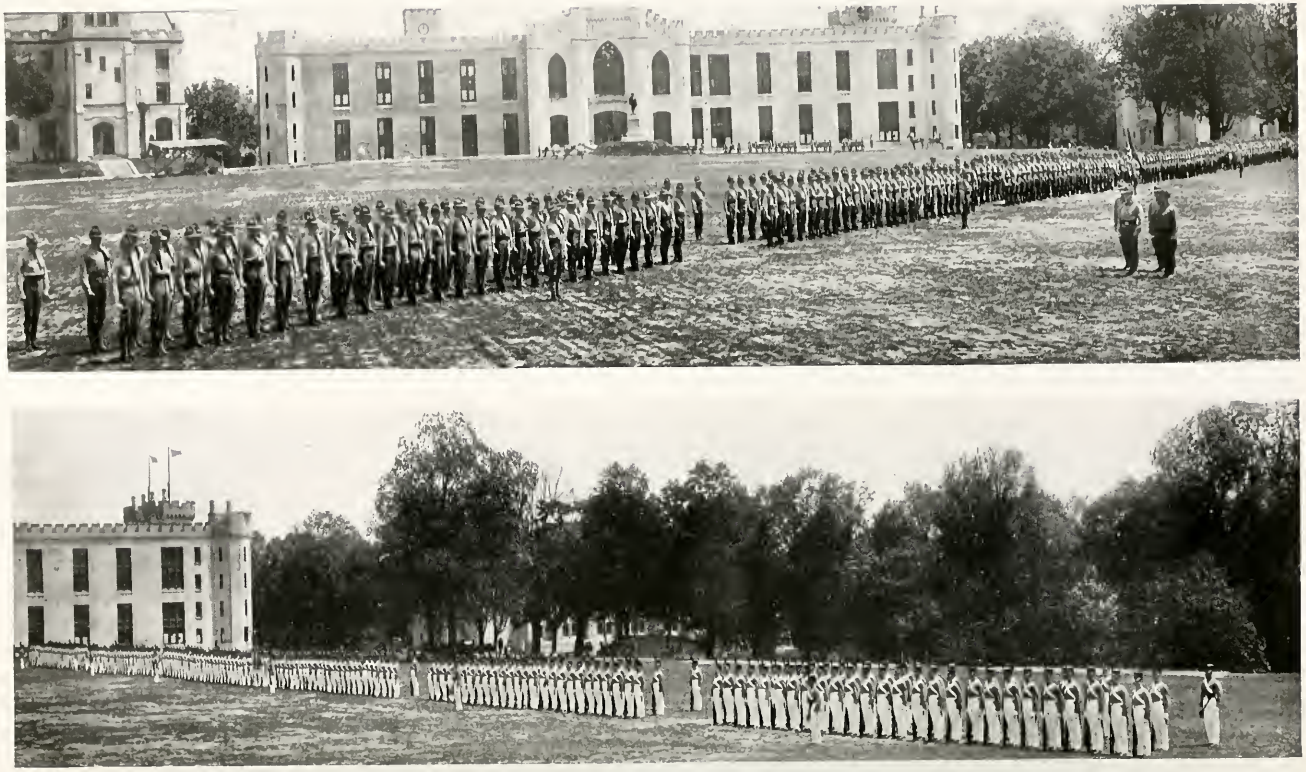
MORTON
ENGELBY
DILLON
MONTJOY
BUTLER, E.

Corporals

DERRYBERRY
NURNEY
DANCE, D. R.
ROBERTS, W.
HOGE
MILTON
RIPLEY
WHITFIELD
HANCOCK

Privates

ALLEN, L.
ASHLEY
BROWN, P.
BOWMAN
BRUNER
BRYAN, C.
BUCH
BUNDY
CAPLAN
COSBY
CON
CROCKETT
DOW
EVANS
ECHOLS, R.
EDWARDS
FRENCH
FULTON
GAMBLE
GREEN, J.
GREGORY
HARDY, G.
HINTON
HUGHES, G.
JONES, T.
JONES, F.
JORDAN, H.
KIRWAN
MCCORD
MANN
MALLORY
MARSHALL, S.
METCALFE, H.
MOORE
MURRILL, G.
MURRILL, R.
OVERBY
PARKINSON
PENDLETON, H.
PHILLIPS
REESE
REILLEY
WILLIAMSON, T.
RHUDY
ROBERTS, A.
ROBERTSON, J.
ROBERTSON, J.
RUTLEDGE
SIMMONS
SYDNOR
ST. CLAIR
TATE
TICHNOR
TUCK
WALLIHAN
WATERS, S.
WEISELL



BATTALION IN LINE





BATTALION DRILL



Miss Emily Blair
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "D"

COMPANY "D"



G. Kyle
First Lieutenant



A. H. Blair
Captain



J. N. Gillett
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "D"

Captain
BLAIR, A. H.

First Lieutenant
KYLE, G.

Second Lieutenant
GILLETT, J. N. D.

First Sergeant
CARTER, J.

Sergeants

SCOTT, F.
TAYLOR, F.
THOMPSON, J.
RANSOM
WIMBERLY

Corporals

PARROTT
GIBSON, H.
DUDLEY
TAYLOR, H.
MONTGOMERY, W.
WALLACE, C.
JACKSON, M.
HAIRSTON
HERRING

Privates

ADKINS, H.
ANCKER
ARRINGTON, R.
BEASLEY
BOOKER
BOSWORTH
BROWN, H.
BUTLER, P.
CAMPBELL
CARTER, A.
CASEY, F.
CHEYNE
CHUNG
CHRISTIAN
COLBURN
DAVIS, T.
DEARING
DUFF
DUNSETH
ELLIOTT
ELLIS
FRANKLIN
FOWLER
GUEST
HATCHER
HORNE
JONES, J.
KANE
KING
LOCKEY
MARCHANT
MARSHALL, R.
MASIA
MCCLELLAN
MCDAVID, C.
MCMILLAN
MEECH, R.
MEECH, S.
METCALFE, W.
MICHIE
MILLNER
NAIL
OWSLEY
PARSONS, S.
PATTON, W.
PAYNE, J.
RADFORD
RICHARDSON
ROCHE
ROBERTS, L.
ROBERTSON, R.
RUFFIN
SCOTT, R.
SHACKELFORD
SMITH, W. D.
STAGG
STROTHER
THOMPSON, R.
WALES
WITHERS
WINFREE



MRS L. HERMAN
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "E"

COMPANY "E"



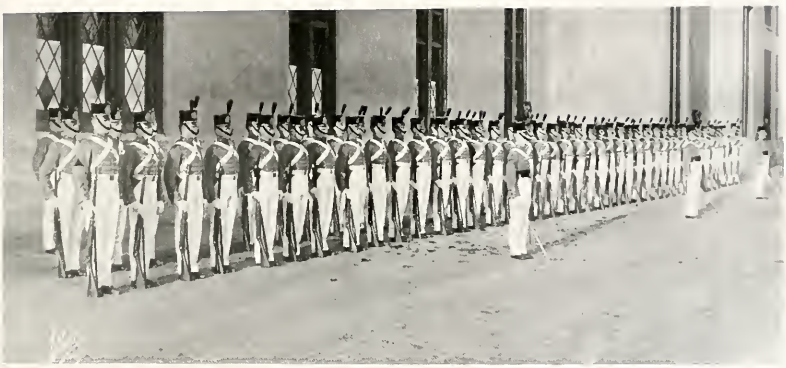
C. B. MILLER
First Lieutenant



S. S. HERMAN
Captain



L. A. HARRISON
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "E"

Captain
HERMAN, S. S.

First Lieutenant
MILLER, C.

Second Lieutenant
HARRISON, A.

First Sergeant
SULLIVAN, J.

Sergeants

DRENON, W.
KNAPP, F.
WOODWARD
TAYLOR, M.
RUDOLPH

Corporals

PAXTON, W.
BLETCHER
HARDY, W.
CRAIGHILL
DANCE, P.
MOORE, T.
ARRINGTON, W.
TURMAN
HUGHES, C.

Privates

AYERS
BALLOU
BOND, A.
BONSAL
BOWMAN, D.
BRANCH
BRIGGS
CALVERT
CASEY, B.
CHAPMAN
CHURCH
CLAPP, R.
CLARK, A.
CRAIG, J.
DAVIS, W.
DRENON, A.
EDWARDS, P.
ESTES, J.
FORD
FULTON, W.
GALLAMN
GATEWOOD
GIBSON, M.
GOODALL
GRIDLEY
HARTLEY
HICKS, W. H.
HOWARD
IREYS
JOHNSTON, H.
JONES, D.
JONES, F.
JONES, H.
JONES, J.
KELLAM
KERLIN, W.
KENNON
KLAPP, E.
KNAPP, J.
LAVENDER
LINTHICUM
MILAM
MOORE, B.
MURPHY
MCCOLLOUGH
MCFALL
MCKELLAR
NEILL
PATTERSON
POTTS, M.
RATHBURN
RIBBLE
RIDDLE
SEMANS
SCOTT, W.
SWAIN
TURLEY
VAN SYCKLE
WASHINGTON
WENGER
WILLIAMS, T.
WILSON, S.
YOUNG, H.



Miss Margaret E. Moncure
Pennsylvania
Sponsor for Company "F"

COMPANY "F"



D. C. Curtis
First Lieutenant



H. B. Truslow
Captain



R. G. Bellezza
Second Lieutenant



COMPANY "F"

Captain
H. B. Truslow

First Lieutenant
D. C. Curtis

Second Lieutenant
R. G. Bellezza

First Sergeant
R. B. Williamson, Jr.

Sergeants

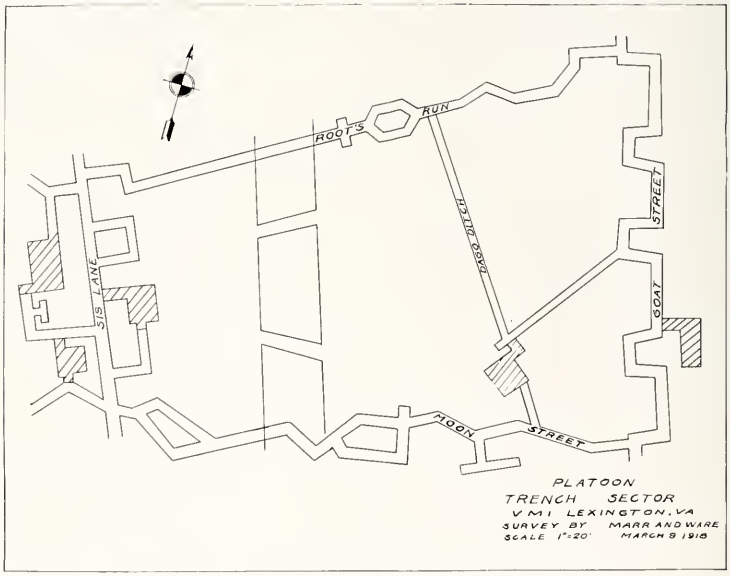
Jernigan
Jennings
Roane
Higgins
Keezell

Corporals

Black
Berry, K.
Turner
Groover
Jeffries, E.
Payne, H.
Comegys
Munson
Armstrong

Privates

Adams
Addison, G.
Alvis
Backus
Boatwright
Bryan, B.
Bullington
Cannon
Casewell
Clarkson
Coleman
Cotton
Cumming
Davidson
Ferebee
Fletcher
Foy
Gallird
Gleaves
Glover
Goldsmith
Hamilton
Hardy, F.
Hawkins, H.
Hawkins, S.
Heisig
Hill
Hopkins
Josey
Kerlin, E.
Lacy
Laine, E.
Young, W.
Lamb
Land
Larew
Lee, H.
Lovell
Mantor
McCauley
Meninger
Monroe, D.
Newberger
Orme
Parkhurst
Parker, A.
Patton, Y.
Pfeifler
Recker
Reid
Rogers, J.
Rogers, R.
Satterfield
Sebring
Sedwick
Semmes
Stokes, T.
Stokes, W.
Tilley
Von Schilling
Wallis, W.
Webb
Welton
Wessells
Wilson, W.



MAP OF TRENCHES



THE TRENCHES



WASHINGTON TRIP

THIS trip to the Capital was the most enjoyable of the four trips taken by the Corps last year. Finals were here, examinations were over, and when we returned "She" would be there waiting for the dances. It was only the harassed Quartermaster-Sergeants who were full of forebodings; and when they had packed the last shako into an impossibly small space, even they wore a smile.

The Corps left Lexington, June 6, at eight a. m., with everyone saying, "I knew I would forget something," and cussing the forgotten article. The trip up was hot and tiresome, and when the train pulled into Washington it was raining hard. However, the





boys were fully repaid by the reception they received from the Confederate Veterans and admiring throngs.

Of course everyone was in the "Hay" at Taps the first night (in again, out again); and of course nobody saw the sights. In fact, the "Keydets" hadn't seen a girl for so long that they shied when they passed one on the street.

Reveille went at six a. m. the next day, breakfast at eight, and the Corps diked and ready by ten o'clock. We had to wait over two hours before entering the parade, during which the sun beat down on our heads; and, to add insult to injury, it rained just as the Corps was passing in review before the President. But, with the characteristic V. M. I. spirit, the Corps saw it thru in the same style with which they do everything. In spite of dripping shakos and soaked coatees, we were called on to pass in review before Secretary of War Baker. Again they acquitted themselves with credit to their alma mater.

That night, the Corps spent in Washington, and enjoyed it each man to his own taste, as Witt said as he entered a Chop Suey dispensary. In the morning, however, they entrained for Gettysburg, to take part in the unveiling of a statue to General Lee. On arriving at Gettysburg, the Corps marched at once to the monument, participated in the exercises there, and—what will always be green in a cadet's memory—had the best "feed" since leaving home the preceding September. Much to their regret, the cadets were not able to visit the famous battlefield, as they were marched back to Gettysburg immediately after lunch, and hastily entrained for their dear old barracks.

The trip from Gettysburg to Washington was uneventful, save for the sadness of farewell to many of their number who were leaving the Corps to enter Fort Myer, and from there to "Somewhere in France."

It is needless to say that barracks looked like home, and that our "Hays" kept up their reputation when we finally came to the Metropolis.





WASHINGTON TRIP



SUMMER CAMP

ROLL

Bingham, R. S.	Talladega, Ala.
Barringer, B.	Haverford, Pa.
Barringer, J. M.	Haverford, Pa.
Bell, G. C.	A'cova, Tenn.
Bennett, S. C.	Norfolk, Va.
Block, L. J.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Cammeron, E. D.	Richmond, Va.
Cole, H. N.	Richmond, Va.
Connally, H.	Jacksonville, Fla.
Dixon	Talladega, Ala.
Frenkle, J. F.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Haughton, R. A.	Charlotte, N. C.
Honaker, S. F.	Wytheville, Va.
Hogg, E. W.	Huntington, W. Va.
Herman, T. W.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Heyck, T. R.	Houston, Tex.
Jeffrup, R. T.	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Johnston, J. W., Jr.	Bedford, Va.
Kahn, M. D.	Cincinnati, Ohio
King, W. C.	Roanoke, Va.
Lowenberger, D.	Norfolk, Va.
Long, L. T.	Dante, Va.
Lang, C. H.	Chester, Pa.
McDunn, W.	Richmond, Va.
McGuire, H. H.	Richmond, Va.
Masury, A. J.	Norfolk, Va.
Maury, D. H.	Evanston, Ill.
Mosely, M. B.	Columbia, S. C.
Parrott, R. D.	Norfolk, Va.
Rowland, E.	Phi'adelphia, Pa.
Rowland, H.	Phi'adelphia, Pa.
Stewart, E. M.	Washington, D. C.
Saunders, F. K.	Bedford, Va.
Sweeney, G. S.	Houston, Tex.
Strickler, W. G.	Salem, Va.
Smith, E. R.	Martinsville, Va.
Smith, R. M.	Norfolk, Va.
Smith, F. H.	Easley, S. C.
Taylor, M. H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Tilghman, M. B.	Salisbury, Md.
Walker, J. R.	Raleigh, N. C.
Weatherly	Anniston, Ala.
Wilkinson, G. W.	Rocky Mount, N. C.
Whaley, J. S.	Snow Hill, Md.



Major Walter Miller
First C. E. F.
Instructor in Trench Warfare





Capt. H. P. Boykin
Virginia National Guard
Commandant

Tactical Officers

Capt. S. Y. McGiffert
Virginia National Guard
Capt. H. M. Reid
Virginia National Guard

Senior Instructors

Cadet Capt. S. B. Witt
Cadet Lieut. J. H. Ware
Cadet Lieut. W. Goodman

Junior Instructors

Cadet Sergt. W. M. McGill
Cadet Corp. J. C. Leech

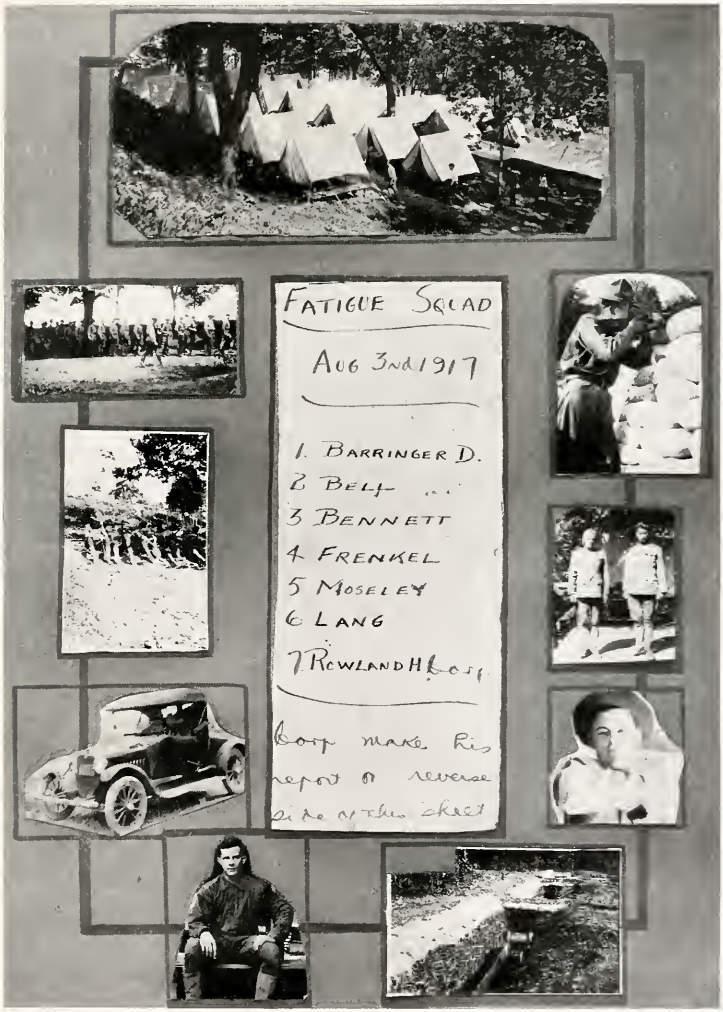






Miss Eutha J. Young
West Virginia
Sponsor




FATIGUE SQUAD
AUG 3RD 1917
1. BARRINGER D.
2. BELL
3 BENNETT
4. FRENKEL
5 MOSELEY
6 LANG
7. ROWLAND H. Lost
Corp make his report on reverse side of this sheet



O. G.'S ASSOCIATION

✣

A TOAST

SASHES and buckles and fine gold lace,
And plumes in a shako high;
They are mighty good things for the calic to see—
But that "Clothes make the man" is a lie!

For we're "Slippery" and seldom running,
And worry never at all;
"Deprived" means hardly a thing to us,
And "Make-overs" nothing at all!

But, Classmates, you've got what you worked for,
You've gotten no more than your due;
So, "Keydet" Officers, we, the "O. G.'s,"
Shall fill this cup to you.

—M. A. '21



ATHLETICS



HEAD COACH EARL C. ABELL

COACH ABELL

HERE'S a Man, a real Man—which may mean so many things. "Abell" means able; it means clean sportsmanship; it means unity in the Corps; it means a winning team. Never in the history of the Institute has there been such a capable and popular Coach. First, he is a wonderful player, and stands for all that may uplift athletics as real contests of ability and gameness. Next, he is a wonderful Coach, and instills into his men both his knowledge of the game and his ideals as to the moral side of athletics. Coach is loved by every one of us, and has become a big brother to all. May Red, White, and Yellow always have such a champion of true manhood to lead us into the battles of manly art.

—THE CORPS

COACHES



CAPTAIN LEWIS



CAPTAIN READ



CAPTAIN DURHAM



CAPTAIN LEGGETT



CAPTAIN HAMLIN

FOTBALL





VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL

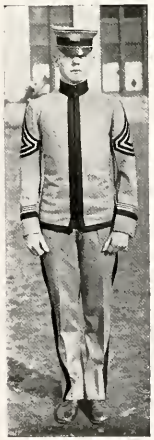
E. C. Abell *Coach*
W. E. Durham *Assistant Coach*
W. B. Lewis *Assistant Coach*
S. L. Bertschey *Captain*
E. R. Lafferty *Manager*

THE TEAM

Ends
Marshall, P.
Gibson, H.
Woodward
Roberdeau

Guards
Addison, W.
Mantor

Halfbacks
Engleby
Leech
Anderson



MANAGER LAFFERTY

Tackles
Thomas, R.
Hawkins, S.
Summers
Goodman

Center
Knapp
Bryan, C.

Fullbacks
Dickson
Smith, T.

Quarterback
Witt

SCHEDULE

September 30—V. M. I.	54	Hampden-Sydney	14
October 6—V. M. I.	53	William and Mary	0
October 13—V. M. I.	0	United States Military Academy	34
October 20—V. M. I.	14	Maryland State	14
October 27—V. M. I.	7	Davidson	23
November 3—V. M. I.	54	Roanoke College	0
November 10—V. M. I.	0	A. and E. of North Carolina	17
November 17—V. M. I.	19	Gallaudet	3
November 29—V. M. I.	0	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	6



FOOTBALL



BERTSCHEY
Captain

LIKE most American colleges, Virginia Military Institute lost many football stars on account of the War. Losing such men as Nelms, Goodman, B., Hart, Butcher, Whittle, and Steele by graduation would be a severe blow to any team, and the additional losses caused by war made gloomy prospects at the season's outset. Bertschey, who was to be Captain this year, was commissioned in the Army, and Virginia Military Institute lost the best backfield man that the Old Dominion has seen during the present decade. Never was there seen a more brilliant runner in all the football days at the Institute. A wonderful kicker, a natural general, he would have had an unbeatable team. Gray, for three years the star quarterback, was also commissioned. An inspiring character, a heady field general, and a sure tackler was H. P. Gray, and we missed his services badly. Root is another star who would have been with us except for the war; he was sure to hold down a place in the line, and would have strengthened the team in that department.



THOMAS

THE 1607 1839 1918 VMI 1607 BOMB



LEECH

Despite the loss of nine letter men and actual stars, we put a team in the field that was one of the best in the section, and one that fought to the bitter end. Marshall acted as Captain in the majority of the games, but Leech, Hawkins, S., Knapp, and Thomas, R., acted also in this capacity. In our opening game, Hampden-Sydney played wonderfully well, and we barely nosed them out by one point, due



MANTOR



KNAPP

to a long run by Leech, who featured in 'most every game of the year. The next game, we swamped William and Mary to the tune of 53-0, in a game replete with sensational plays on our part. More than two full teams played in this game, and the Coach sized up his squad. At West Point, we held the strong United States Military Academy team to seven points in the first half; but their greater amount of practice,



MARSHALL, P.

and our hard trip, caused us to somewhat weaken in the second half. Englehy starred in this game with consistent gains thru the line and around the ends. The Maryland game was one of the best ever seen at Virginia Military Institute. Apparently beaten, after outplaying our opponents, Leech received a kick-off, ran for a touchdown, and kicked goal, thus causing a tie. Davidson and A. and E. of North Carolina



BRYAN



WITT

beat us after hard-fought games; but Roanoke College fell before us, and lost 54-0. The Gallaudet game came just before Thanksgiving, and Coach Abell couldn't use anything but strait football; but we won a good fight—19-3. The last of the season was with our old rivals, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.



DICKSON

The Corps went to Roanoke, Thanksgiving, to witness this game. As was expected by all, it was one of the South's best games this year. Three periods went scoreless, and the fourth period saw Virginia Polytechnic Institute shove over a touchdown after a fumble and a good rest. We outplayed them from all angles of the game. Drop kicks were tried by both sides, but the muddy condition of the field made their success almost impossible. However, Leech missed one by inches.



ROBERDEAU



SMITH, J. T.

The runs made by Leech featured the game, and several times V. P. I.'s goal was threatened. Thomas, at tackle, played a most consistent game on the defensive, and also opened large holes for his backfield men.

As during previous years, Marshall, P., was a star end. He received many beautiful passes, and also carried the ball to considerable advantage. Gibson, Woodward, and Roberdeau were stars also. In



ENGLEBY

fact, they were the best set of ends we have ever had; and such men as Coleman and Cutchins couldn't make the team. Thomas, R., was the star of the line, very few yards being made over him during the entire season. Hawkins, S., became famous for downing them in "their tracks" after a punt. Bryan, Mantor, Goodman, W., Addison, and Summers all played good ball. Knapp always played a consistent game



WOODWARD

at center, passing accurately at all times. Witt, at quarter, ran the team well, and used his head to good advantage. Leech, with his long runs, was the bright particular star in the backfield. Smith, T., Engleby, Dickson, and Anderson also starred. Other good men were Polk, Robinson, S., and Ingram. This was a scrappy team, and gave us all *they had*.



HAWKINS, S.



GOODMAN, W.



SUMMERS



ADDISON



ANDERSON



GIBSON, H.



PRACTICE



THE CORPS



LEECH THRU TACKLE

BASKETBALL.





VARSITY BASKET-BALL TEAM



BASKETBALL

E. C. Abell *Coach*
W. B. Lewis *Assistant Coach*
P. J. Marshall *Captain*
J. M. Mettenheimer *Manager*



MANAGER METTENHEIMER

THE TEAM

Marshall, P. (*Captain*)
Leech
Wills
Bacharach
Lee, H.

SCHEDULE

January 5—V. M. I.	19	Lynchburg Athletic Club	27
January 12—V. M. I.	37	Hampden-Sydney	22
January 19—V. M. I.	29	Davidson College	12
January 30—V. M. I.	21	Elon College	22
February 2—V. M. I.	43	University of Virginia	84
February 7—V. M. I.	53	William and Mary	24
February 11—V. M. I.	51	Trinity College	26
February 13—V. M. I.	25	University of Virginia	26
February 16—V. M. I.	25	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	31
February 21—V. M. I.	41	University of Tennessee	10
February 23—V. M. I.	35	A. and E. of North Carolina	18
March 9—V. M. I.	22	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	29

BASKET-BALL

THE Basket-Ball season of nineteen-eighteen was one filled with sensational plays, good games, and hard luck. With the loss of both Nelms and Hock, and Sullivan's injury, Coach Abell had before him no small task. But the squad of new men, together with last year's Scrubs, gave promise of supplying worthy successors to these men. The result was that we had one of the best teams that ever graced a Red and White jersey. Injuries during the year caused us to lose to Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Elon, and Virginia. Our only other defeat was at the hands of Lynchburg Athletic Association, which came too early in the season for us to show to the best advantage. Our best games were with Trinity and North Carolina A. and E., winning both of them by large scores. Other good teams fell before us. The season as a whole was very successful—two of our games being lost by one point, and others by close scores. Marshall, P., shifted to guard this year, played a wonderful floor game, shot many baskets, and proved a leader of extraordinary ability. Leech and Wills worked like clocks at the shooting end, and Bacharach played a marvelous defensive game. Lee, a new man, played center, and rounded out a good team. Leech's goals were by far the most sensational ever seen on our floor, and he starred in every game. The majority of this team will be with us again next year, and we hope to do better still. Other men who did good work were Engleby, Recker, Gary, Thomas, and Ferebee.



CAPTAIN MARSHALL, P.

BASEBALL



T.F. Morton '19



BASEBALL TEAM



BASEBALL

E. C. Abell.....*Coach*
J. T. Hamlin.....*Assistant Coach*
P. J. Marshall.....*Captain*
C. T. Hawkins.....*Manager*



MANAGER HAWKINS, C.

NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN SCHEDULE

April 10—Hampden-Sydney.....Lexington, Va.
April 13—William and Mary.....Lexington, Va.
April 17—Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....Lexington, Va.
April 23—Camp Stuart, Forty-Eighth Regiment..Newport News, Va.
April 27—Elon College, of North Carolina.....Lexington, Va.
April 30—Sewanee University.....Lexington, Va.
May 3—Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....Blacksburg, Va.
May 15—Colgate University.....Lexington, Va.

BASEBALL

WITH an early spring, and the largest Fourth Class in the history of the Institute, baseball finds itself before the Cadets more than any time previous. Coach Abell is still on the job, and believes he can produce a winner. The Corps is inclined to feel that the usually mediocer team will this year be replaced by a consistent, steady, and winning team.

Practice has just started, and it is impossible to pick men for the various positions; but suffice it to say that all will be capably filled. The Monogram men who are back are Marshall and Martin, outfielders; Jernigan, first base; and Cutchins, catcher. The squad of new material promises to furnish men with whom we can build a team around this nucleus of old men. Bowie and Skinner promise to give us a battery that will only need support to win. From last year's Scrubs, we have Thomas, Sale, Fairlamb, Higgins, Leech, and Gill, who will give everyone a fight for the positions. The new men who are picked to show up best are Marshall, J., Ransom, Jones, Everett, Clay, Goodall, Carr, Gibson, and McDavid.

It is the plan of the Coach to develop three nines. The Class games will precede the regular games. This will cause a twofold advantage: First, it will offer excellent practice for the Varsity; and, second, it will bring out a much greater squad of candidates. All in all, prospects are bright for a winning season.



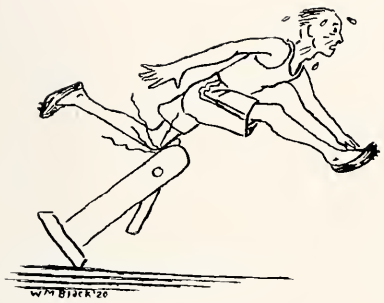
CAPTAIN MARSHALL, P.

THE 1607 1838 1918 VMI 1607 BOMB





TRACK TEAM



TRACK

TRACK work at the Institute was more or less spasmodic until the spring of nineteen-sixteen. Prior to that time, the only notable event in our track annals of recent years was the excellent showing made by our Relay Team, in nineteen-fourteen, in a twelve-mile Marathon, at Richmond. This team, insufficient y trained, and with little or no coaching, finished third, surprising themselves and everyone else.

In nineteen-sixteen, Coach F. H. Gorton undertook the almost impossible task of bringing Track from nowhere into the ranks of major sports. In spite of numerous obstacles, he succeeded, and to him is due most of the credit of the rapid progress subsequently made by this branch of Athletics. The team did its bit, by performing creditably in the one meet participated in—a triangular meet with Virginia Polytechnic Institute and North Carolina, at Blacksburg.

The lack of a fast cinder track—in fact, a track of any description—was a serious handicap; and yet the relay team which was sent to the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival easi'y took third place in the mile relay race of nine entries.





CAPTAIN GAMBLE

Prospects for next fall looked decidedly better. It was now possible to have indoor practise in the New Gymnasium; but the lack of a suitable outdoor track was still a hindrance. Valuable men have been lost by graduation and the call of the Service; but their places were filled by New Cadets, and men who had done well in the Inter-Company Meet following the nineteen-sixteen season. Spring practise progressed nicely until the War came, causing meets with Trinity College, here, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Blacksburg, to be canceled. Our team finished fourth at the Pennsylvania Relay Carnival; but in a higher class than in the preceding year, and made better time.

Many promising candidates are now out for this year's team, including much new material. The dashes seem to be greatly in favor; and the distance work, with old "C" Jones as a pace setter, is bound to be of premier quality. Knapp is again on the turf, to see that the field events go above par. With Captain Gamble, and Smith, D., both old relay men and quarter-milers, and with several most promising new men in that line, there is no reason why the Pennsylvania races shouldn't again see a Virginia Military Institute team of class.

All in all, Track seems to have secured a safe foothold as a major sport at Virginia Military Institute. Tho the loss of Coach Gorton will be keenly felt, everything points toward better work each year; and it is safe to predict that the season of nineteen-eighteen, with Captains Read and Durham as Coaches, will stand out as a season in which Virginia Military Institute learned to be whole-heartedly proud of her Track team.



SWIMMING

T.F.MORTON '19

B. BACHARACH *Manager-Captain*

CAPT. W. B. LEWIS *Coach*

THIS year marks the first appearance of a Swimming team. Realizing that we have been delinquent in this branch of sports, the Corps has responded to the call of the Athletic Association, and there is a large squad trying out for aquatic honors. Bacharach has been elected Captain, and proven himself a very capable leader. His experience previous to coming to the Institute makes him compare favorably with practically any college swimmer. Capt. W. B. Lewis coached the team, and under his guidance Bacharach has developed a splendid team.



RELAY TEAM

BACHARACH CLARKE, N. TAYLOR, H. SULLIVAN VAN DYKE



GYM. TEAM



GYMNASIUM

B. B. Wimberly.....*Manager-Captain*
Capt. W. B. Leggett.....*Coach*

THE Gymnasium team this year gives promise of developing some real "Go-getters" in the line of daring stunts. Wimberley, who won his monogram last year, was unanimously chosen to lead the team during the present term. Captain Leggett, a Monogram man when a cadet, gives his time coaching men who are out for Gym. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, a large squad can be seen working out, and by Finals there will be many capable performers.

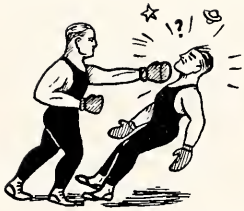
At the Government Inspection, the team will give an exhibition for the benefit of the inspector. At this time, monograms will be given to men who make the required number of points (seventy-five). To be a winner of a letter this year, one will have to be quite an acrobat, since there are many who will make quite a strong bid. Those to show up best so far are Wimberley, Seward, Armistead, and Bruner.



MANAGER-CAPTAIN WIMBERLEY



BOXING GROUP



BOXING

T. F. MORTON. '19

J. G. GAMBLE *Manager-Captain*
J. W. ZIMMERMAN *Instructor*

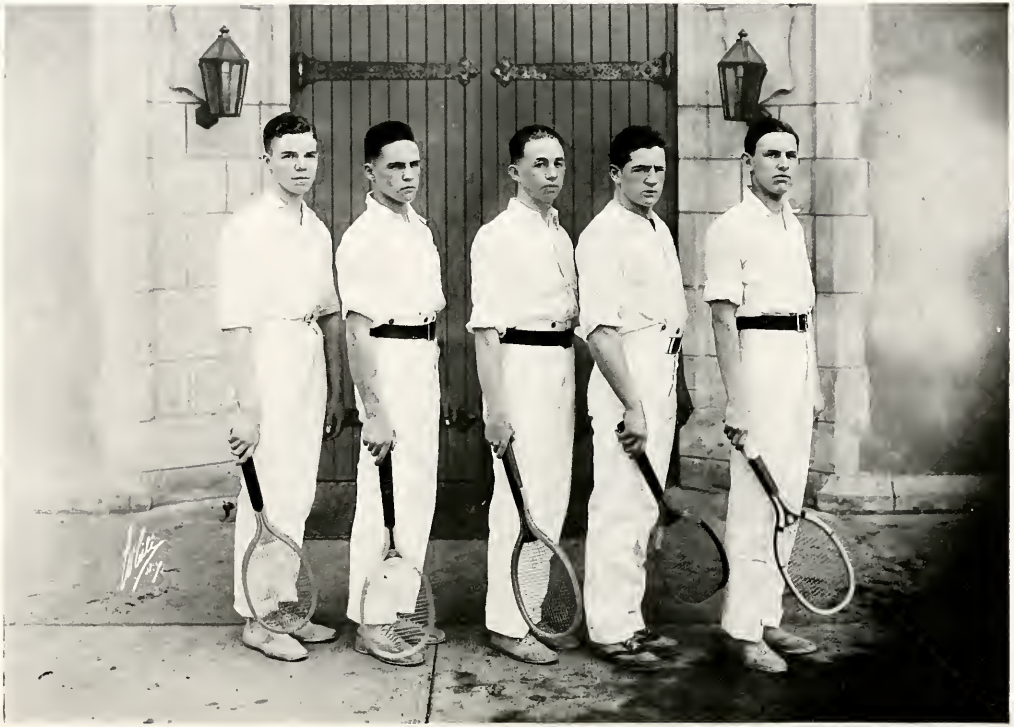
THE Athletic Association has come to realize the importance of boxing in the Officers' Training Camps, and in recognition of this fact have provided boxing training for First Classmen. This sport is very beneficial in bayonet work, and all First Classmen are thus being further prepared for officers in the Army. J. G. Gamble was chosen Captain of the team. Mr. J. W. Zimmerman was appointed instructor by the Athletic Association. Mr. Zimmerman has had a great deal of experience in this line, and makes an ideal instructor. At every basket-ball game, bouts were held between halves—usually being three-round affairs—thus lending an extra touch of enthusiasm to the crowd, and proving a source of enjoyment for all.



COACH ZIMMERMANN



MANAGER-CAPTAIN GAMBLE



TENNIS TEAM



TENNIS

T. F. MORTON, '19

J. W. GUEST *Manager-Captain*

CAPT. W. B. LEWIS *Coach*

JOHN L. GUEST will captain this year's Tennis team. Under his leadership, a strong team has been developed, and before the term is over it is very likely that they shall have demonstrated their ability to other teams from rival colleges. The last year, Tennis was largely neglected, and no tournaments were held; but this year Captain Guest will not allow this to happen. Tennis teams in the past have been successful, and it is certain that this one will be no exception to the rule.

TEAM

GUEST AND SULLIVAN *Doubles*

GUEST *Singles*



MANAGER-CAPTAIN GUEST



MONOGRAM CLUB



MONOGRAM CLUB

T.F.Morton '19

OFFICERS

F. K. Martin *President*
J. J. Sullivan *Secretary*
J. C. Leech *Treasurer*

FOOTBALL

Goodman, W., '18
Marshall, P., '18
Hawkins, C., '18
Witt, '18
Addison, W., '19
Anderson, '19
Engleby, '19
Knapp, '19
Roberdeau, '19
Sullivan, '19
Thomas, R., '19
Woodward, '19
Hawkins, '20
Gibson, H., '20
Leech, '20
Bryan, C., '21
Dickson, '21
Mantor, '21
Summers, '21
Smith, T., '21

BASEBALL

Marshall, P., *Captain*, '18
Martin, '19
Cutchins, '20
Polk, L., '20

BASKET-BALL

Marshall, P., *Captain*, '18
Wills '19
Bacharach, '20
Leech, '20
Lee, H., '21

TRACK

Knapp, '19

GYMNASIUM

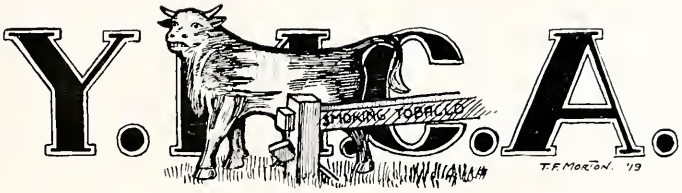
Wimberley, *Captain*, '19








ORGANIZATIONS



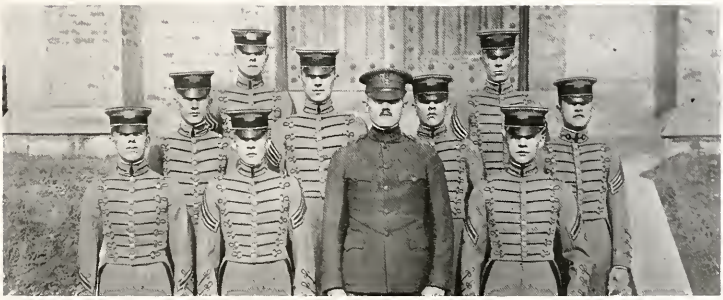
COL. R. T. KERLIN.....*Faculty Committeeman*
CAPT. WALTER E. DURHAM.....*General Secretary*

OFFICERS

R. G. KYLE.....*President*
W. G. WILLS, JR.....*Vice-President*
JULIAN JORDAN.....*Secretary*
S. B. WITT.....*Treasurer*

CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES

H. B. TRUSLOW.....*Membership*
B. B. WIMBERLEY.....*Bible Study*
R. G. ROBERTSON, JR.....*Mission Study*
L. A. HARRISON.....*Program*
E. R. LAFFERTY, JR.....*Social*





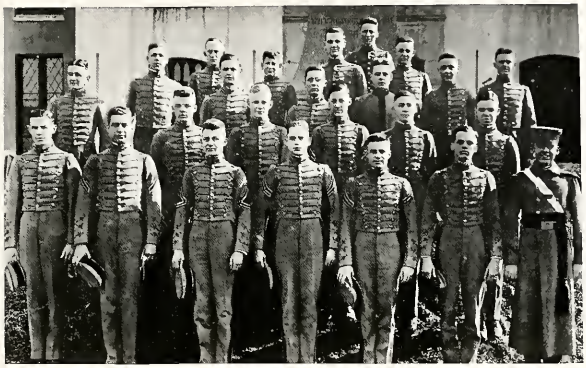
EPISCOPAL CHURCH CLUB

THE REVEREND CHURCHILL GIBSON.. Rector

VESTRY

MARSHALL, P. J.	CRAIGHILL, D.
LAFFERTY, E. R.	NURNEY, J.
DEW, T. R.	JORDAN, J. H.
WILLS, W. G.	PATE, R. Mc.





RICHMOND CLUB

✣

OFFICERS

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J. H. Ware.....*Vice-President*

E. R. Lafferty, Jr.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

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Armistead, F. V.
Addison, W. M.
Addison, G. D.
Arrington, R. T.
Bond, A. J.
Brockenbrough, A., Jr.
Cary, T. A.
Cox, E.
Cutchins, S.
Dance, P. R.
Dickerson, H. W.
Fairlamb, W. F.
Guest, J. L.
Glover, J. M.
Hagan, J. C., Jr.
Harmon, A. W.
Ingram, D. T.
James, R. P.
Knapp, F. D.
Knapp, J. W., Jr.
Lafferty, E. R., Jr.
Lamb, E. B.
Moncure, J. A., Jr.
Montague, F. L., Jr.
Munson, H. H.
McDonough, J. A.
Nurney, J. W.
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Potts, J. D., Jr.
Reese, C. B.
Sauer, C. F., Jr.
Scott, F. R.
Scott, R. C.
Starke, H. M., Jr.
Taylor, J. M.
Terry, C. M.
Ware, J. H.
Witt, S. B.



CADET ORCHESTRA

A. R. Gatewood *Manager*

B. L. Hancock *Leader*

✣ ✣ ✣

Fain *Violin*

Hancock *Mandolin*

Casey *Mandolin*

Clarkson *Mandolin*

Kennedy *Guitar*

Roberts *Melody Banjo*

Orme *Traps*

Casey, J. *Piano*



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R. M. Patterson *Director*
T. F. Morton *Assistant Director*
C. C. Cantrell *Manager*
J. M. Mettenheimer *Assistant Manager*
J. M. Thompson *Stage Director*
R. M. Patterson *Interlocutor*

END MEN

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J. C. Parrott
J. P. Marshall
E. H. Bauserman

CHORUS

E. H. Gill
H. S. Roche
A. H. Blair
B. M. Bryan
H. T. Hicks
A. B. Boatwright
W. Johnston
C. W. Lacy
R. M. Peeler
W. M. Washington
T. D. Jones
A. H. Graham
E. M. Cox



DANVILLE CLUB

✣

OFFICERS

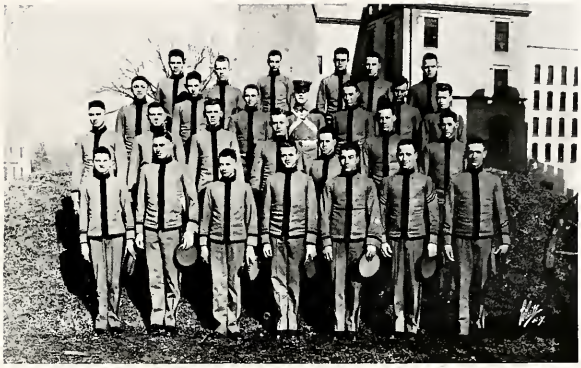
HERMAN, S. S. *President*

WILLIAMSON, T. *Vice-President*

JORDAN, J. C. *Secretary and Treasurer*

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ADKINS
DUDLEY
ESTIS
FULLER
HUGHES, C. E.
MCFALL
OWSLEY
POWELL
RUFFIN
RIDDLE
SWAIN
TATE
TUCK
VAN WAGNER
PAXTON



NORFOLK CLUB

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Pate	Backus	Welton
Tyler	Ferebee	Sydnor
Laine	Maxwell	Kellan
Weaver	Calvert	Merson
Butler, P.	Roberts	Caplan
Emmerson	Jones, W.	Weisel
Bellezza	Cole, H.	Parker
Wales, T.	Meech	Barrow
Greathead	Marr	Masury
Nicholson	Marshall, R.	



ALABAMA CLUB

✣

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C. W. Drennen.....*Vice-President*
W. C. Shackelford.....*Secretary*
T. Benners.....*Treasurer*

MEMBERS

Benners.....Birmingham
Brown, H. C.....Birmingham
Drennen, A.....Birmingham
Drennen, C. W.....Birmingham
Crest.....Montgomery
Foy, F.....Eufaula
Fullton.....Birmingham
Goodall.....Birmingham
Goodwyn.....Montgomery
Hamilton.....Anniston
Hicks.....Talladega
Lavender.....Centerville
Lyons, M.....Mobile
McClellan.....Birmingham
McDavid, E.....Birmingham
Moore, J. P.....Birmingham
Peeler.....Huntsville
Shackelford.....Birmingham
Smith, W.....Birmingham
Smith, W. D.....Birmingham



THE ROLLER CLUB

✣

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JENNINGS *Vice-President*

RANSOM *Secretary and Treasurer*

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BACKUS
BONSAL
CARTER, A.
CASWELL
CURTIS, D.
ESTES
FORD
GREEN
HANCOCK
HAWKINS, S.
HUGHES, G.
JENNINGS
LEECH
LOTH
MCFALL
RANSOM
ROBERTSON, R.



PENINSULA CLUB

OFFICERS

D. C. Curtis.....*President*

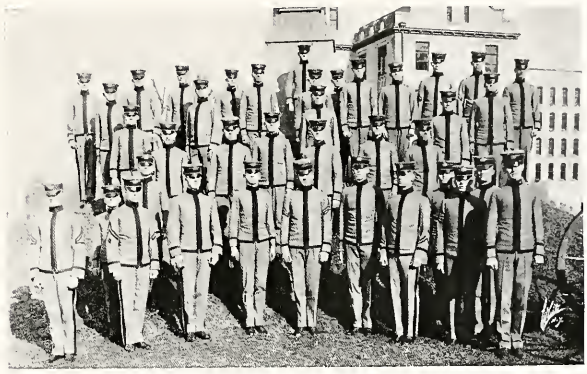
B. W. L. Semmes.....*Vice-President*

W. E. Cheyne.....*Secretary*

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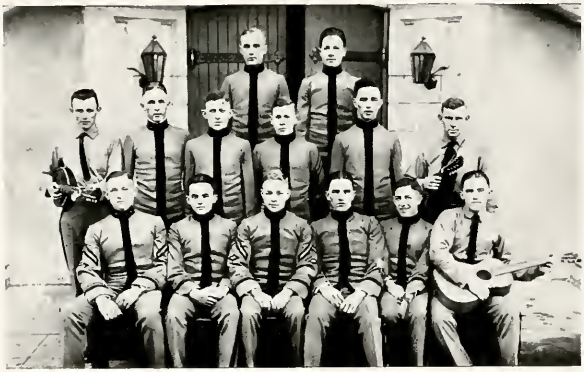
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THE CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

"A LITTLE BOOKLET OF CADETS, BY CADETS, AND FOR CADETS
DONE INTO PRINT FOR HOLLY DAY READING"

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THE V. M. I. BULLET is a handbook, published by "The Bomb" Staff of the year succeeding its appearance. It fills a long-suffered need, as it affords to the cadet an interestingly instructive source of information, and serves as a medium thru which the outside world may catch a glimpse of the life and spirit of Virginia Military Institute.

This year's "Bullet" *is published by the* "Nineteen-Nineteen Bomb" Staff, composed of the following men:

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Altho this is but its third number, "The Bullet" bids fair to become as firmly established as "The Bomb" and "The Cadet."


Hops



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SOCIETY

THE HOPS

✣

SCENE I

SCENE—*The balcony of the gymnasium, Virginia Military Institute.*

TIME—*About 8.30 p. m., present.*

(Enter Miss Shesu Recan Shakafoot with Cadet Supe Reme Dodo.)

MISS S.—Do be sure and introduce me to lots of Cadets. Oh this is the most heavenly place I've ever seen.

CADET D.—Bet your life I will, "Sweetheart."

MISS S.—Oh, you say that to every girl you meet. You can't kid me, because I've heard all about you, Mr. Dodo.

CADET D.—Honest, you're the best-looking girl on the floor.

(Saccharine glances are swiftly interchanged, and they descend to the floor below. Enter Miss Hopeless, a "Titanic," with Cadet A. Head Pilot.)

MISS H.—Oh, I am sure that I am going to have the most wonderful time. You're just a dear to ask me up.



CADET P.—You're the sweet girl to come. I'll bet that half of the fellows will be crazy about you before the night is over.

MISS H.—Oh, no; they don't get crazy about me (*at the same time fixing a languishing look on Pilot*).

CADET P.—There's Wright, about to start. Let's go down.

SCENE II

TIME—*Ten o'clock p. m. the same night*
PLACE—*The dance floor*

(*Cadet Dodo floats by with Miss Shakafoot in his arms, in the most approved style. He is broken and, with a disappointed look on his face, starts to search for another partner, when he is accosted by Cadet Wood B. Vamp.*)

CADET V.—Say, Dodo; who is the keen one? How about a knockdown?

CADET D.—Sure. But you haven't a chance; as I am "THE DOG."

(*The dance ends, and the two approach Miss Shakafoot, to whom Vamp is introduced. The music starts, and the two glide off. Just at this time, Pilot dances by, with Miss H., and, catching Dodo's eye, signals for him to break. Dodo, after some hesitation, does so, and Pilot limps off the floor, cursing, and wiping the prespiration from his face.*)

SCENE III

PLACE—*The Swimming Pool*
TIME—*A few minutes later*

(Pilot enters with a look of utter dejection and weariness on his face. Presently he sits down on the edge of the pool, removes his pumps and socks, and with a sigh dangles his feet in the water. Enter two "Rats."

CHORUS—Sir, I have finished my two laps.

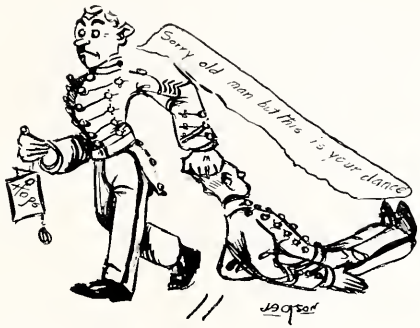
PILOT—All right; go back and get on the end of the line. Be sure that you keep her moving.

(Exit "Rats." Enter another "New Codet".)

N. C.—Mr. Pilot, I went around four times, and I'm all in. I couldn't go any more if I wanted to.

PILOT—Well, I'll let you go, being as that's the case. Get somebody to take your place.

(As the "Rat" turns to leave, a more contented look slowly creeps over Pilot's face and, with a sigh of utter weariness, he lays down on the floor and goes to sleep, with his feet still in the water.)





SCENE IV

PLACE—*Bedroom of a house in Junis*
TIME—*Two hours later*

(*Enter Miss Hopeless; and a moment later Miss Shakafoot follows.*)

MISS S.—Weren't the dances glorious? I'm so tired; and my feet are about to drop off. You know I met the sweetest boy. His name was Vamp; and he certainly was nice, even if he was crazy. He even took me outside to hear, as he said, "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," and, altho I didn't hear any mourning, he talked so sweet to me, and even—well, it was quite nice.

MISS HOPELESS—Oh, I had a wonderful time, too; but I do wonder what was the matter with Head on the way home? He seemed so angry, and kept on muttering something about "Being played in the fog," and that he was going to join the mosquito fleet. He wouldn't even answer me when I spoke to him. I do wonder what was the matter, and what he was talking about.

MISS S.—I'm sure that I don't know. Turn out the lights, and let's go to sleep.

(*Lights are turned out, and silence reigns.*)

SCENE V

PLACE—*Main Arch of Virginia Military Institute barracks*
TIME—*Same as before*

(*Enter Vamp, and while he is signing the time of his return, enter Dodo.*)

VAMP—Well, they sure were some Hops. But say, Dodo; I thought you said that you were "DOG."

DODO (*with a sad shake of his head*)—I WAS.

(*Enter Pilot, with a look of utter weariness and disgust on his face.*)

PILOT—Boys, I had a mighty bad day. I'm going to the hay.

(*With Pilot limping and cursing, Dodo muttering, and Vamp singing, the trio start for their rooms.*)

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P. J. Marshall
Leader





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FIRST CLASS BANQUET

FEBRUARY 22, 1918

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"Old Yell" for 'Eighteen

MENU

Iced Grapefruit

Orange Oyster Cocktail

Celery en Surprise Queen Olives

Sweetbread Cutlets, Periguex Sauce

Mixed Pickles Princess Toast

Deviled Turkey with Ham, Cranberry Sauce

Potatoes au Gratin French Peas with Lettuce

French Twist Waldorf Salad Beaten Biscuits

Almond Ice Cream

Lady Fingers Wafers

Demi-Tasse

Mints

Punch Cigars Cigarettes



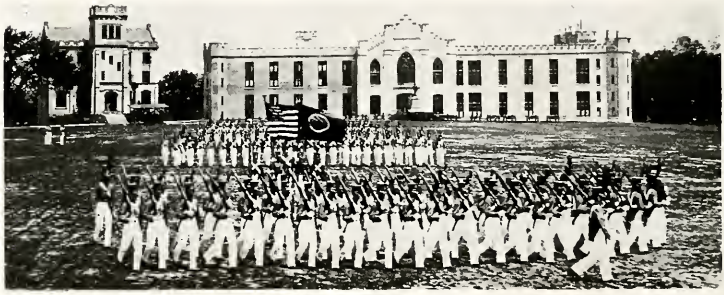
FIRST CLASS BANQUET



THÉ DANSANT



INSPECTION



REVIEW



BATTALION PARADE



BARRACKS LIFE



KEYDET LIFE

SIDELIGHTS ON CADET LIFE

By

THE BRAINLESS BEAM, A.B.C., V.W.Z.

AUTHOR OF

AN HOUR BEFORE AULD NICK
THREE MONTHS AFTER THAT
TO REV. IN A UNION SUIT
TO THE H's" IN A HURRY

IN preparing this tremendous work, every expense has been spared, and no money has been spent to make this the most incomplete and unauthorized book of CADET LIFE yet published. In order that there might be more mistakes than necessary, the author has conferred with the SUBS and other DUBS of known incompetence. With sense of deep mortification and burning shame, therefore, he makes ungrateful acknowledgments to the following, whose kindly interference has made this stupendous task largely impossible.

PRINCE PICCOLO PEYTON
having interest in ELLEN'S PRESERVES

CAPT. IMA CHUNG WITT
of the TRENCH MARINES

COUNT YUNG TALK LEGGETT
originator of the LEMON EXTRACT craze

CAPT. HOOPER UP GOODWIN
in search of THE PERFECT "36"

SERGT. HEEZA WEESAL WILLS
of the JEWISH JITNEYS



EQUIPMENT

While the Institute furnishes the essentials of military life, experience has taught that the following articles might possibly add to one's personnel:

One chambermaid
One manicure set
One Morris chair
Four Persian rugs
One pool table
One vanity box
One shaky Ford
One mahogany bar
One brassiere
Accessories for three

An artist model and suitable situations.

Evening clothes and prerequisites for gentlemen of leisure.

One New York directory, and flowing command of French suitable for conversation with certain after-Taps BIRDMEN.

DEPORTMENT AND JUTIES

"Put money in my purse—'tis the cadet's juty"
—Nickolini

On reaching Lexington, proceed directly to Headquarters, and introduce yourself to Old Nick. Be cordial and friendly, by making some jocular remark like, "Well, here I am,

THE 1918 BOMB

Old Socks; how's Nick and all the little tricks?" He will hardly appear embarrassed, so clap him on the back familiarly, and impress it upon him forcefully that you want to be his pal.

You will then be escorted to the Military Store by an N.-C. O. Here you will be detained for a few minutes, and "SUSPENDERS," the BUSTING BIRD, will attempt to sell you something; but don't be seduced. He will turn you over to "Creeping J.," who, following the policy of his MASTER, will take your "balance," and order you to "report to barracks under strict military discipline."

Saunter into the arch (it may be your last chance), and make yourself known to the O. D., telling him you want a room and private bath, if he's the clerk of the joint. You will in all probability get one, which you will find surprisingly large by the number of meek Third Classmen it can accommodate—men who always pay their respects to the newly arrived, and inquire as to "Who you are, and why?" Entertain them with some little witticism at the expense of one of their number—but close familiarity should be avoided. It may turn out later that they talk spitefully behind your back, and are not the "right kind of friends."

No further advice need be given the RATS, for they are the most privileged of all classes, being given certain by-paths for their special use, and having PERMISSION to walk in an attitude decidedly all their own. Do as you please—for a while; you will soon learn better.





THE 1607 1918 1607 BOMB



Hop Practice

MILITARY

"The SUBS to gain some private ends
Went wild and 'boned' the men."

—Blacksmith

As military comes first, second, and last, each individual should strive to be distinctive. For variety, you might salute the gardener with both hands. This distinct novelty he will most likely take for a decided honor, and you will gain Steam accordingly.

If you are feeling unusually well, you may attend drill for a change. Make yourself popular by entertaining the Company while the "Boy Captain" is attempting to tell them about the "Canadian Marines." However, if the weather is a little warm, and you are sleepy, just lie in your hay, and dream about drill—it will accomplish the same purpose.

When challenging a visitor, who may come to pay his respects to "Bull" after Taps, ask for his visiting card and the time of his appointment, and show him into the private office. He may already have company.

THE 1607 1918 1607 BOMB

If you are absent from the post without leave, and Auld Nick speaks to you about it, tell him you are taking your next furlough on the installment plan. This bright answer should please him—to the extent that he might give you a permanent one.

One has but to glance at the SUBS to know why our position on the military map is so prominent, for they are the dissipators of the modern art of war.

Capt. "Hoover-Up" Goodwin is the instructor of signaling, probably acquiring his information at the Hops, where he has been seen wigwagging bills—and something else besides. We must confess, however, that he is at all times a bit confusing; for the top half of his legs persist in standing at attention while the bottom half are standing at ease.

Saxaphone Bill, the young tank from New Jersey, is there with the pep and fire, due perhaps to undue familiarity with Mr. Sauer, of the Lemon Extract firm, and certain Highminded Tin Cans. But Bill is all right, even if he is a bit Shaky at times thru constant association with the Department of History.

Oriental John Pender, first aid to the Mayflower, might be taken for a Pilgrim, if his best energies were not consumed in interpretative dancing. He has perfect control over every muscle and joint—except his feet; and he can tell you about them all. The theories



THE 1918 BOMB



A Parlor snake

that he propounds in regard to "dressing" would most likely be astounding to the gentler sex.

F. U. Buck Lewis, the bittersweet boy, explains all the fine points relative to artillery, and occasionally takes too long a shot, with disastrous results. His lamps are quite proficient, however, in picking out the "Vamps." He never fails to fall; but we have always heard that it takes two.

"Goosegrease" Boykin, who is always pulling for that "feebee," tells the Keydets where to shoot, and why. That guy knows, for the other night some kind friend tapped on H-1 and asked, "Does Geese room here?" Buck opened the door, and drawled, "Yes; bring him in."

Cavalry, under "Rising Sun" Read, is the most practical and realistic of all drills. Uninteresting theoretically, it is very fascinating when taught by one who has been there—one who gained his experience from numerous rides on the famous bucking broncho in a certain lower neighboring defile.

The military affairs have even penetrated the sacred walls of the Y. M. C. A. Capt. "Fuller Bull" Durham, the tugboat bird in "res militares," has assumed supreme command over Kitty and the tonsoralists, namely: Joe Pennington and Baxter Jackson. It is a rare treat to hear him pull "At Eeeze," and see him pilot "Wildfire" thru the whirling sea of distress. He even bosses "Schwartz" Dulaney, making him assort his many letters, and run his errands.

THE 1607 1635 1918 1917 1607 BOMB

EDUCATIONAL

"An education such as this
Is my idea of earthly bliss."
—"Musings of a DumBo."

The Keydets are indeed fortunate in matters pertaining to education, as it is gleaned almost entirely from characters around barracks—the classroom being merely supplementary to the more interesting and valuable lectures of the "Has-beens" and "Will-bes." The broadening topics have been published, and the following "Books Worth Reading" will serve to enlighten the deficient in our traditions and future possibilities.

THE ORDERED EXISTENCE, by "THE BEAM," 16-mo., one volume work. Nickolini & Sale, Lexington, Va.

A concise little volume on conduct for the gentlemen cadet, which furnishes a clear idea of how to keep out of the excess club, but is said by some to be the means of keeping that organization filled to the limit. The subject matter is well classified, but presents a sameness that tends to let interest flag. By those who know this work, it has been well dubbed the "Blue Book."

FAMOUS TALES, or REMINISCENCES of AULD NICK—Anonymous. Quarto, single volume work, hide bound, and interesting and antique. Corps Publishing Company, Barracks.

Spicy tales, interspersed with sentimental references, go to make this one of the year's best sellers. One of the best in this collection is "Forty-Three Years Ago Today;" tho perhaps "Attend to Your Daily Juties," or "A Coatee Wet with Tears" deserve a prominent place. Well worth a single reading, but is apt to grow stale with repeated usage.

"LIVE AND LEARN," a biography of PIZZINNI. Two volumes of WOE, containing valuable suggestions and hints. S. S. Herman, sole distributor, Barracks.

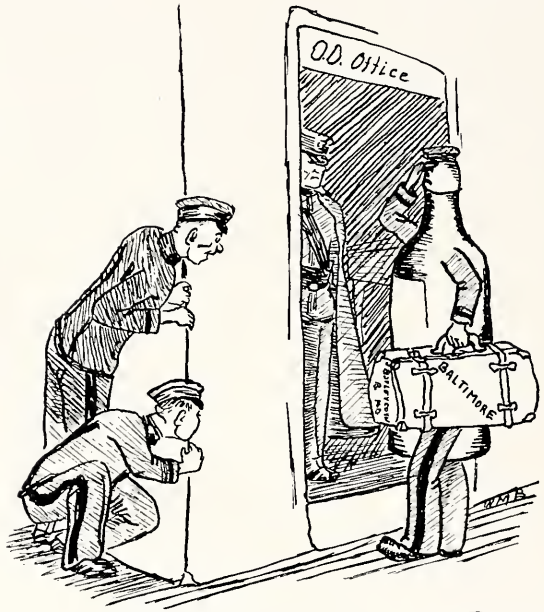
IRREGULARITIES

"And months of 'Posts' ensued our momentary joys."
—Musings of a FOYLITE.

Irregularity pervades the whole Institute, from Auld Nick to lowly SUBS. It is instilled in us all, and is the essential feature of our life here. From rathood days we are carefully trained to sooner or later become members of the far-famed Excess Club. The attractions of this Club are manifold, including everything that is "naughty but Oh, so nice," and their agents always present, luring us to the forbidden fruits.

If you think you are going to be sick some time, don't hesitate, but go straight to the hospital. Doctor "Take-a-pill" Davis will look you over, then look over the World Almanac to find a case to fit you.

When you happen to be feeling sleepy at Rev., just lie in the hay—it isn't worth the trouble anyway. However, if the O. D. extends a pressing invitation, it may be wise to attend.



"Sir! Cadet Barleycorn J. Reports return on furlough."

Never go to all your classes—it isn't being done. Whenever you have an ache or pain, or are not prepared, take a "cut"—that's the proper spirit.

The Subs have it all over the Cadets, for they live lower down on the road, from which point of vantage they can "get" anything. They have something of a quartet, and often sing "In My Castle on The Nile," while Bull is moaning the dreary solo, "Remember That a Loving Heart Still Beats Beneath My Pasteboard Puttees." They are decidedly a bad lot, using Lemon Extract for "spice" and pep; but they are all ambitious—to own a chicken

farm on the intoxicating banks of GREEN RIVER, with FOUR ROSES in the garden, and JOHN WALKER as an eternal guest. While they may never attain the heights of pleasure that they seek, we must hand it to them—they are striving hard in the right direction. Imitate them, and you'll be a "regular fellow."

AMUSEMENTS

"Who does not love wine, woman, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

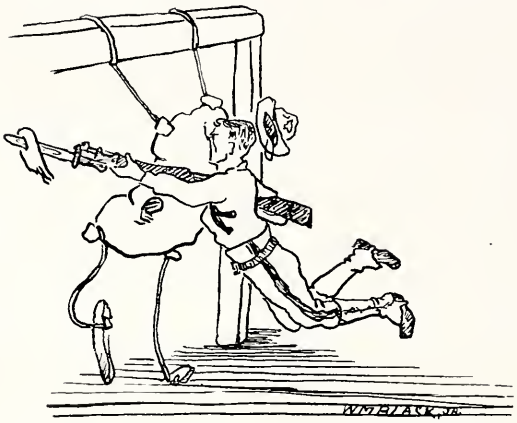
—"Howlings of a Hound."

Social life begins early in the Fall, the church receptions being the chief attraction. Religious enthusiasm is particularly noticable at this time, as the Institute is infested with "men of all religions"—in attending all the "feeds."

Various pursuits are followed on the holidays, but a large number of Cadets always ride over to Buena Vista, to see "The House of a Thousand Candles." That place has always been luring and shrouded in mystery, but the Cadets, as a means of economy, have been devising schemes, the successful outcome of which would result in a large saving of candles—to be used for "other" purposes.

The hops afford the greatest pleasure of all. A large number of celebrities are always present, various Admirals and Dukes putting their appearance to display the "fleet"





Bayonet Drill

maneuvers, and to ask "Where one might go;" and numerous Vamps made the Guard Tree their camp, which has resulted in the Cadets being termed the "Bees" of the night. Perhaps some of them are. If you could hear Jimmie Taylor buzzing around before the Hops you would think he was a whole drove of Bees; but, of course, it is perfectly obvious that he couldn't be—and live.

The Hops provide plenty of opportunity for the first aid men, "Bull" having become so familiar in the art as to warrant his appointment as successor to Mayflower, who has gone in strong for the type of dancing men seen in a sideshow. The Civil Men have a chance to "get up steam," and find the "moment of exertion," while the fascinating "Artists," free from all such vexing problems, select the "Calic" of the winged heel, and come into happy realization of their "Castles in the Air."

From the following theatrical review, some idea of the surplus pleasures may be gained. It is our personal opinion, however, that "enough of a good thing is too much."

THE 1607 1839 1918 VMI 1607 BOMB

FARCE COMEDY—AT THE BARBER SHOP

"Following Joe" is a clever tonsorial farce that is the logical successor to "Before House Mountain Moved 'Round." The book and lyrics are by Delaney, and the music is by Homitz and Joe Pennington. Featuring "The Jacksons," who do some clever monologues and cut quite a few capers, this is by far the best entertainment of its kind in the vicinity. The song hits are: "You Must Be Punched, Regardless of What You Get," "Pay, or Don't: You'll Suffer Just The Same," and "Your Granddad Had His Pulled Out in 1839."

MESS HALL—TRAGEDY

Ashburn and Price present supreme tragedy daily, entitled "The War Is Our Excuse," in three acts. Special features are the "Waiters" (presented by the Corps), and "You Can't Get Back at Me," as sung by the Chief Cook. The general run of songs are sad, indeed, as their name indicates; "O! Why Is the Cabbage So Lonesome When There's No Corned Beef Around?" and "Wheatless, Meatless, and Eatless Days." The introduction of a chorus with "Legs" shows decidedly bad taste.

ACADEMIC BUILDING—VAUDEVILLE

High-Class Vaudeville, daily performances from eight to four. Specials this season: "Aurelias" Bond and his trained Piggy, The Marvel of The Year; The Famous "Ducky" and The Mathematical Bulls; Burning the Daylight Mayo, Contortionist; Snappy Stories, Their Faults and Virtues, a monologue by Dr. Kerlin; and others, including "The Gardener's Monk" and "Adventures with a Shaky Ford."

HOSPITAL—MELODRAMA

Davis and McClung offer the Palma Christa Queens as the stars in their "play for the month," entitled, "It's Moving Time." Their skit affords some dashing scenes and a Speck of joy; while the breezy new dances are well worthy of the applause they occasion. Two of these have been fittingly called, "The Lunar Caustic Glide," and "The Epsom Dip."



"Riding."



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"I lose monies"

"BENNIE" MORTON.....*"Bice-Bresident" and Treasurer*
"Dot costs money"

"PIZZINNI" TAYLOR.....*"Zecretary" and Treasurer*
"I takes dot shinney money"

JEWISH BOYS

"MOSES" METTENHEIMER
"ABSOLOM" FOY
"ISAAC" COLBURN
"LITTLE MOOK" WILLS

HEADQUARTERS
CLASS OF NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN

Lexington Hotel,
Lexington, Va., February 22, 1918

FROM: *Cadet Ware, Prophet*

TO: *The Class*

SUBJECT: *Class Prophecy*

1. PERMISSION IS REQUESTED TO BE ALLOWED TO SUBMIT THE FOLLOWING CLASS PROPHECY.

2. LIBERAL ARTS.

Cantrell, Artist, free of tongue,
Be a Sub, give your wisdom,
'Till a war in Mexico
Then off to Service you will go.

Mother Cary, what will you do?
Nothing seems applied to you,
Patient, loving, thru life you'll roam,
Bossing an Old Ladies' Home.

Whether he goes to heaven or hell,
Foy'll object, we know full well.
In Congress, he will have his fling,
Making things most interesting.

Gentleman, scholar, ladies' man,
Hawkins will be selling land.
Married in a month or two,
Is the luck we plan for you.

Of Hughes, our midget, we are proud,
And know he's small but very loud.
He'll be a lawyer, some sweet day,
After years at U. V-A.

Lafferty, Dan Cupid's own,
Baby of a Printer's throne,
No greater thing for you we wish
Than on the river catching fish.

Skeeter Metcalfe, you are bound
For silent life in your home town.
Aiming guns and pulling triggers,
Stealing cotton from your niggers.

Parker, one of many smarts,
Victim of the Liberal Arts?
No Gym. or Lawyers' life for you,
But flying for Red, White, and Blue.

'Most the women for him fall:
"Patterson," I hear them call.
Fate decreed this sad omen,
"He's to wed some rich woman."

Christmas comes but once a year.
That's why we have Peebles here.
Back to Lawrenceville you'll sail,
As keeper of the County Jail.

Change your ways, my little man:
Witts don't rule this mighty land.
Tho you win your lawyer fight,
Be not too sure you're always right.

3. Chemical Engineering.

Butler, hold your dollars fast.
Else you lose the life you ask.
You want Du Pont, 'tis quite true,
But not so bad as they want you.

Culver, is the rumor so?
Do you drink $H_2 SO_4$?
Thine shall be a Chemist Crown,
Juggling atoms in your home town.

Loyal worshiper Gillett,
Lavy Jim will get you yet.
Fill J. Penders' place down there.
Smelling, tasting atmosphere.

Guardhouse Lawyer, Hard-Boy Brick,
Jenkins, beats the Penalty trick.
So in after years you'll see,
Jenkins living off you and me.

Fitzhugh Baytop Frickezee Jones,
How he makes the maxes moan.
To the farm you'll find your way,
Searching soil for planting hay.

What will Keith, the gentle, do
With his life? we ask of you.
Spend his time, as long as able,
Trying to right the Periodic Table.

Kyle just took the course for fun,
To find why colors in cloth will run.
Best of Luck to you, Old Top,
Working in a laundry shop.

S. V. A., in years to come,
Will need a Sub to make it hum.
Marshall, P., goes there again,
To rule, to reckon, teach, and reign.

Luck has changed, O! many times,
To Colorado School of Mines
Goes Mettenheimer, Gentile, Jew,
To push the molecular theory thru.

Hardware line is pulling one
R. G. Junior Robertson:
As his taste for atoms fails,
He'll make his living selling nails.

Off to Boston Tech he'll hike,
So says blushing bold Van Dyke.
Forestry will be his line,
As he leaves us all behind.

4. Electrical Engineering:

Armistead, quite a noble man,
Will furnish current for our land.
Westinghouse will get him, sure;
Start right in on their ground floor.

Bellezza rings a different chime,
As he leaves Old Monk this time.
Women will rush to him in trance,
"Teach me, Sir, kind Sir, to dance."

A for Alex; B for Blair—
We'll hear of him most everywhere.
He will be in Max Meadow,
Running Father's General Store.

Women leave him in the lurch;
Rejected lover is old Church.
In after years, we'll hear him whine,
"Dear old bachelor days for mine."

Echols Brothers are twofold,
Learned artists in climbing poles.
"Took 'lectricity, didn't you, Bo?"
"Yep, and practiced in Glasgow."

G for Gamble, guts, and great—
To be Doc. Henty's running mate.
Hired at V. M. I. by the hour,
To fix the lights upon the tower.

Shi-STEADY!—S. H. Huntt,
"B" Company's left lieutenant,
Find him always in his bed,
Retired on what his Daddy made.

Hook that receiver with a slam!
I can't hear that Bah-Bah Lamb.
Cleaning bearings in motor shops;
Wouldn't study during the Hops.

Jack at all and good at none,
Metcalfe, the "electricion."
Ohms says, "I makes E over R."
Petty but lucky inventor.

Loyal to the Lone Star State,
Winner of his life's debate.
McCauley? Oh, well, let me see;
Sub-professor you will be.

'Midst the patter of a rain,
Peeler, in his airplane,
Soars up in our dark blue sky,
To teach that dope at V. M. I.

5. CIVIL ENGINEERING:

If Colburn learns to leave the booze,
Some day he'll be making shoes.
Tho he'd made an engineer,
That Yankee life just seems too dear.

THE 1918 BOMB

Railroad conductor, Curtis says,
Leads him on in many ways.
Since his duty he never shirks,
He'll be sleeping as he works.

Edwards plans a different life,
Since he's taking on a wife.
Competitors will get his bids
While he's home a-spanking kids.

Shipbuilding in Newport News
Takes away old Gatewood's blues.
Lizard says, up here he learned
To be the boss of that concern.

Guest, to you we mean no harm,
With your life out on the farm;
Drawing pails from in the well—
Gee! your wife will give you hell.

Laying rails and driving spikes,
Watching over camp at night—
Railroad gang for Harrison,
Makes his life complete and done.

Lazy loafer, fat, and greasy,
Herman's life has been too easy.
Father says it is his will,
To put Bunks in the knitting mill.

"After life at school is done,
Come back as Mayor of Axton,"
Is the cry we hear for Hicks,
From his home, down in the sticks.

Bridge building is calling James.
A Pratt truss 'cross the river Thames.
Back to Ireland Runt will go—
To live with Patsy, on the shore.

Jeffries has a brand-new taste,
Since he met the Misses Pace.
Insurance life in Roanoke,
Else the Bug will sure go broke.

THE 1607 1839 1918 VMI 1607 BOMB

Say, it is Bob Marr's intention,
To follow Daddy's invention.
Be a Civil man he could,
But he'd rather work in wood.

H. N. Michie, Oh! you kid!
Secrets don't stay always hid;
Many years we've heard you sing,
"In for Durham street cleaning."

Miller, how the women crave
To lie beside you in your grave.
Two times married, maybe three—
stagedoor Johnny, you must be.

Doctor, lawyer, butcher, "surger"—
None are calling Count Newberger.
For he never says, " I can't
Be a noted pawn merchant."

Reilley, you are 'most too young
For planning fame which is unsung.
In after years, the news you'll bring
That you have not been anything.

Semmes can't even go to hell,
For he would never learn to spell.
Maybe, Boys, he'll be a Quaker,
'Stead of Newport's boilermaker.

Lazy loafer, Tubby Towers,
Sleeping thru his working hours;
You will always run a-late,
Keeping hardware up to-date.

Herbie Truslow, we are sure
You'll be bossed by Old Moncure.
To P. R. R., we all know
It spoke for you some years ago.

"Civil lawyer is my best"—
So we hear from Old Brute West.
Texas sands and Texas hills,
Making debts and proving Wills.

6. Ex-Classmates:

Men have lived, tho they have died,
As Dew and Taylor at our side.
Always, Ex-Classmates, we'll hold you dear,
Tho you don't want your dip, until next year.

7. Conclusion:

The Prophet, not having a martial turn,
Cast all these forebodings before he could learn
That war was declared; so to waive these is fair,
Since the future awaiting 'Eighteen's "Over There."

Our future will be far greater than our past, for we have been taught by Our Mother many things we did not know, and have been unable to apply while protected by her arms.

No 'Eighteen man will soil the name of *his* Class; no 'Eighteen man will ever cause *his* alma mater to hang her head in shame; and in every fight we will "Never say die;" but "Fight! and win the day for V. M. I."

Respectfully submitted

J. H. Ware




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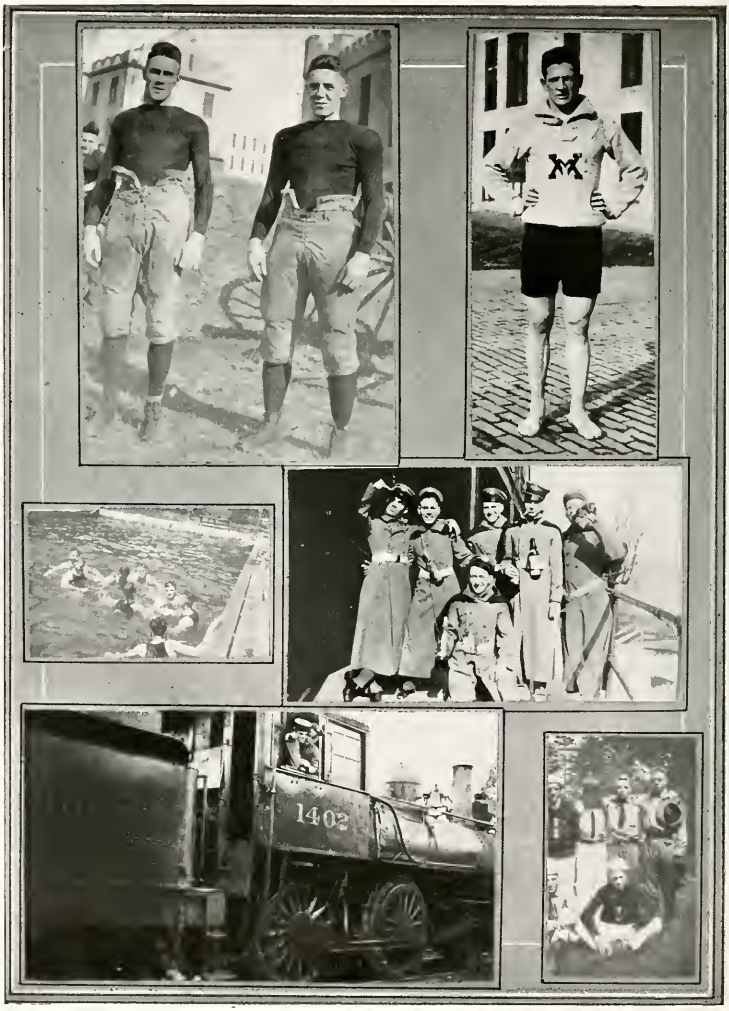
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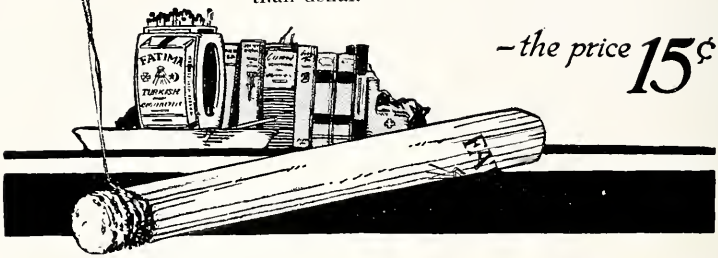
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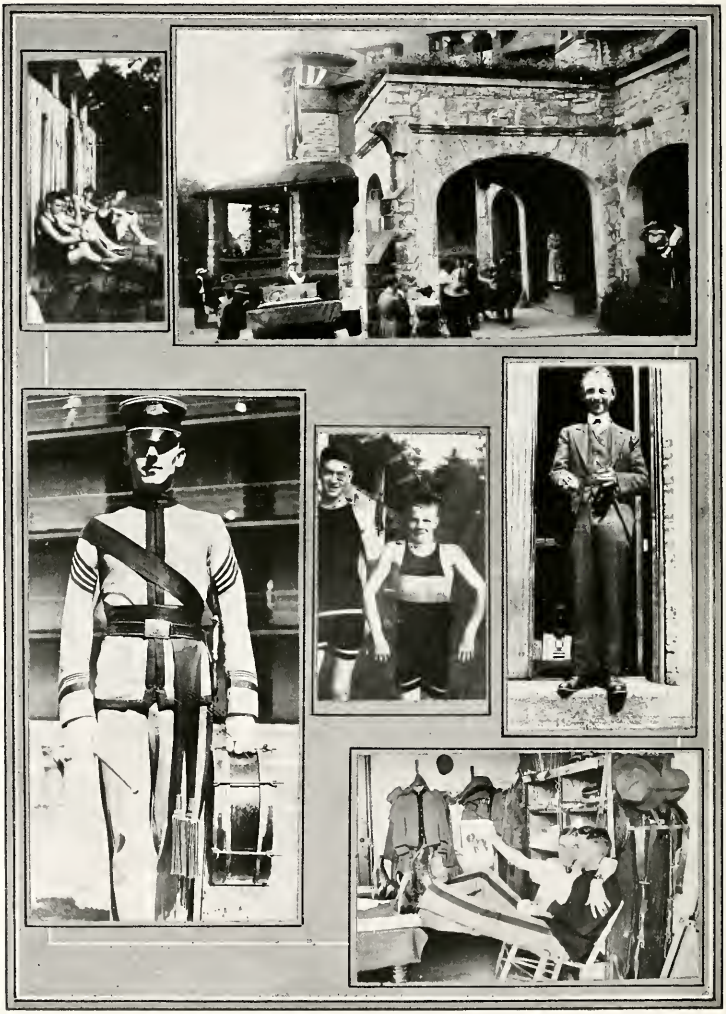
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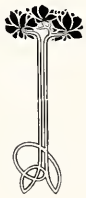
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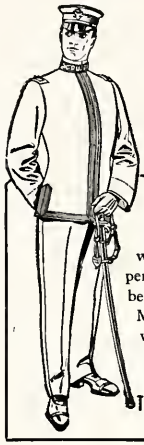
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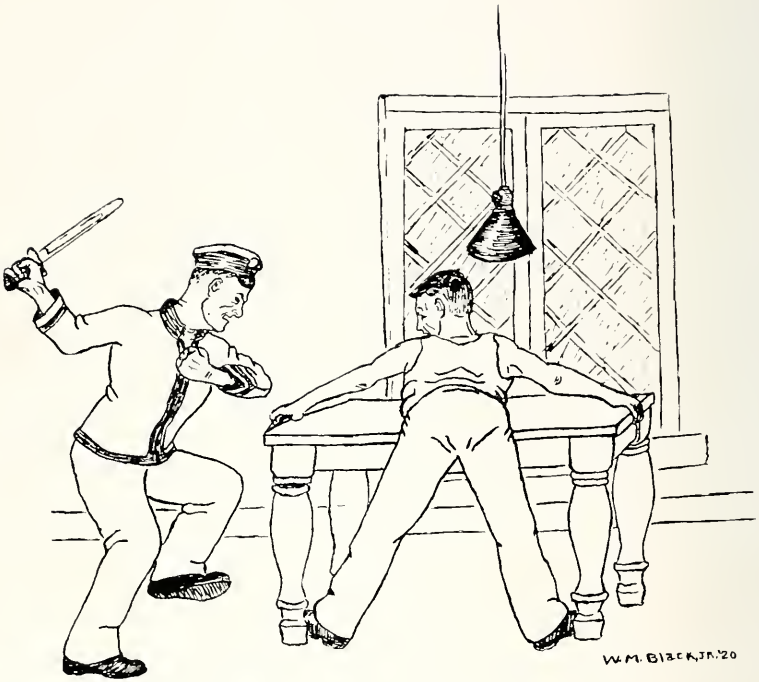
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